

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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The Military Situation.

CAVALRY RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.—The rebels not only seem to have a cool contempt for our Generals, but such a complete faith in their incompetence, tardiness, and indecision as to justify a thorough disregard of all the ordinary rules and precautions of war. They do not hesitate to leave the National forces in their rear or on their flanks, or for that matter anywhere else, perfectly confident, apparently, that before our officers shall be roused to action, or discover the fact of a movement, they will be able to take up a new position, and perhaps a better one, without difficulty or danger. Witness Bragg and Smith marching all the way from Alabama to the Ohio river, leaving Buell in a position to cut them off entirely, and yet perfectly assured that he would not move at all, or, if at all, so tardily as not to seriously interfere with the success of their foray. So, too, with Lee and Jackson in their audacious march into Maryland, whence we were exultingly told none would ever return. But the "rubbing in" of rebel insolence and contempt, and the most corroding of the humiliations to which a patient people have been subjected, was left to Stuart's rebel cavalry. No one has forgotten how they dashed out of Richmond and rode round and through Gen. McClellan's army, destroying stores, breaking up the railroad, firing into hospitals, "bagging" prisoners, and ascertaining all that was necessary to be known of the disposition of our forces, and then returning with impunity to Richmond. Nor have we forgotten how they rode in behind Pope at Catlett's Station, ransacked his camp and baggage, carried off what plunder they wanted, and next took and destroyed Manassas Junction, with its depot of supplies. But these raids, implying, as we have said, inexpressible contempt for Union Generalship and activity, have been eclipsed in their insolence and audacity by the last dash of Stuart and his horsemen into Pennsylvania. The world will hardly credit the



MAJOR JOSEPH M. BELL, PROVOST-JUDGE OF NEW ORLEANS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBS.

story that these men crossed the Potomac in face of the pickets on one flank of our army on one day, rode through Maryland and 20 miles into Pennsylvania on the next, captured the important town of Chambersburg, stealing or destroying the Government property and burning the railway buildings; thence proceeded to Gettysburg, robbing all the horses of the people on their route, and on the third day again crossed the Potomac on the other flank of the National army, with a spoil of 1,000 horses and a large quantity of needed supplies, and all this without losing a man in killed and wounded, and only half a dozen stragglers as prisoners! They all left their dirty and ragged clothing in Chambersburg, and rode off gallily in the uniforms of our soldiers! A second time has Stuart circled round the Union army, but this time in a hostile country and unmolested. It is said that a detachment from our forces came up with his rear just as he was recrossing the river, but, as usual, *too late*? In its results, except in inspiring the rebel army and in the loss of spoil, this raid will probably prove of small account. Its principal object was doubtless to take Frederick from the rear, and capture the large amount of medicines and hospital stores concentrated there, and of which the rebels stand in great need. But, whatever its object, the fact that such an expedition could be carried out has profoundly humiliated the public mind, especially as it was reported on Saturday that Gen. McClellan had telegraphed to the Government that not a man of the rebel army would ever get back to Virginia except as a prisoner.

KENTUCKY.—From Kentucky we hear of two severe battles, one fought on the 8th of October, near Perryville, between a detachment of the National army under Gen. McCook and a large force of Bragg's rebels, and another fought on the 11th, between Buell's main body and Bragg's combined forces, between Harrodsburg and Danville. In the battle of Perryville the fight was sustained from 10 o'clock



INDIAN OUTRAGES IN THE NORTH-WEST—AN AMERICAN FAMILY MURDERED BY THE SIOUX INDIANS, IN A GROVE NEAR NEW ULM, MINNESOTA—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

in the morning until night, by Gen. McCook's column of 16,000 men, with varying success and with heavy loss. Late in the afternoon reinforcements came up, and the rebels were repulsed at every point, and during the night fell back on the rebel right wing. The National loss is reported at 500 killed, 2,300 wounded, and 440 prisoners. Among the killed are Gens. Jackson and Terrill, and acting Gen. Webster. Gens. Polk and Cheatham are reported killed on the rebel side, but the entire loss of the rebels is unknown. Upwards of 1,000 of their dead were buried on the field.

After the fight of the 8th, the rebels fell back and combined their forces at Harrodsburg, and on the 11th were overtaken by the National army between that place and Danville, where a desperate battle is reported to have taken place, resulting in a complete National victory. The details have not yet come to hand. The rebels are evidently seeking to make good their escape from Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap. Apart from these grand movements, we hear of the capture of a Union wagon train and 550 prisoners by the rebel Gen. Kirby Smith, near Frankfort, on the 8th, and also, on the other side, of the capture of 160 rebel wagons, and 1,000 rebels by Col. Wolford's cavalry, at some point not named—probably part of the main rebel army.

MISSISSIPPI.—The battle at Corinth proves to have been a brilliant but not a decisive Union victory. That the rebels were beaten and were greatly demoralized is certain, and that the pursuit by Gen. Rosecrans was vigorous, and might have resulted in a complete dispersion of the rebels, is undoubted. But on the 9th he was recalled from pursuit by his superior officer, Gen. Grant. There seems to be a settled purpose among some of our Western Generals that we shall never reap the legitimate fruits of our hardly-earned victories. The net result of the battle of Corinth seems to be, a rebel loss of between 800 and 1,000 killed, about 2,000 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners. The rebels also lost 11 guns and most of their ammunition and baggage trains. The National loss is 350 killed and 1,200 wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Rumors are afloat, requiring confirmation, however, to the effect that the rebels who lately attempted to enter south-eastern Missouri have been repulsed and driven back into Arkansas.

Gen. Mitchell has put some life into his department, and the rebel fortifications on St. John's river, Florida, have been captured by a combined naval and military force under Com. Steadman and Gen. Brannan. This success gives us control of the St. John's to Jacksonville.

The army of the Potomac is quiet, its repose having been only momentarily disturbed by the dash of Gen. Stuart into Pennsylvania. Hints about going into winter quarters, now when the best fighting period of the year has come, are not infrequent. The exact position of the rebel army is unknown, but it is strongly suspected that it is quietly withdrawing up the Shenandoah Valley. For ourselves, we shall not be surprised to hear of it again in Maryland, or perhaps in front of Washington.

Barnum's American Museum.

COLORED TROPICAL FISH swimming in the Aquaria, just obtained at a cost of over \$7,000, are a great acquisition. They are to be seen at all hours. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Reviews, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

To the Literary Public.

CONSIDERABLE sums have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of Fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

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for the Second Best Short Tale as above.

N. B.—Should any of the productions sent in, not receiving a prize, be regarded as of value for publication, the Proprietor of this paper will open negotiations with their authors for their purchase. Those not accepted will be scrupulously returned to their authors, with strictest reserve.

All productions should be directed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y., and endorsed "Prize."

We respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

"Social Evils" in England.

The activity of British philanthropy in regard to what are delicately called "social evils," or, in plain English, prostitutes, is something wonderful. There seems to be a strange fascination, not to say interest, in these "frail and fallen creatures," which penetrates all English society, and which is shared by no other class of objects, however worthy, or however legitimate their appeal to practical benevolence. A recent English publication enumerates some of the "Retreats" and "Homes" in which unsuccessful or worn-out Cyprians reap the benefactions of British sympathy. There is a Guardian Society for providing a temporary asylum for

repentant women, a London Society for the Protection of Young Females, a London Female Penitentiary "for affording a home for those desirous of returning to the paths of virtue;" a British Penitent Female Refuge; a Home for Penitent Females, in connection with a Probationary Home; a London Female Dormitory, under the management, as both superintendent and treasurer, of an officer in the royal navy; a Church Penitentiary Association, "for the reception and reformation of fallen women throughout the country," under the guidance, as to spiritual matters, of clergymen of the Church of England, which, it appears, includes nine Penitentiaries and six Houses of Refuge; a Female Temporary Home, "for the reception of a better class of fallen females," which is under the trusteeship and superintendence of the officer of the royal navy above alluded to, and is stated to be "conducted on the pure principles of the Gospel and after the manner of a private family;" a St. Marylebone Female Protection Society, "for the rescue of those who wish to abandon their evil ways;" an Institution for the Protection of Young Females, "to afford an asylum to those desirous of abandoning a course of vice;" an Institution for "improving and enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women;" a Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, "for destitute young women whose circumstances expose them to danger;" a Society for the Rescue of Young Women, with five houses "for those who have fallen;" a Trinity Home, "for young women of a better class, who have recently been led astray;" a London Diocesan Penitentiary, for "penitent fallen women;" a St. James's and St. George's Home, "for those unhappy women who have once held a respectable station in society, and who have lately been led astray;" a Westminster Female Refuge, for "those who wish to reform;" a Home of Hope, "for the immediate reception of cases of the middle class from the Midnight Meetings or other sources," the promoters of which hope to "effect the establishment of a more extended and permanent home in a quiet, healthy suburb, where there may be ground for recreation;" a British Ladies' Society; a Royal Female Philanthropic Society, and some others.

As to the results of this grand movement the statistics are hardly satisfactory. We are told that of 2,400 young women who have been brought under the beneficent operations of these multitudinous societies, etc., 26 have been restored to friends, 18 placed in service, and one sent to New York—45 in all, presumptively reformed, including the one sent to that great moral centre New York. But what about the remaining 2,355?

We are far from intending to throw ridicule upon any earnest endeavor for raising the objects of these institutions to a better and more honest life; but the theory of progress in this direction will hardly be confirmed by the observation of those who have walked through the streets of London by night; and certainly those who are most confident of past success have no statistics to present us, to remove the grave doubts which must arise upon the contemplation of all this special solicitude for one class of wrongdoers.

Emancipation as a War Measure.

THE President's Proclamation, which has created such a commotion in the Southern Congress, has been promulgated as a war measure, and as a logical necessity from the various confiscation bills adopted by Congress. Of the right and power of the President to issue such a Proclamation (we are not discussing its policy) there can be no doubt. On this point we defer to the highest living authority on this continent, in the department of jurisprudence, Prof. Parsons of the Harvard Law School, a "Conservative" by birth, education and practice. He says:

"I suppose it certain that the President has no power to emancipate slaves as a civil act; but there can be no doubt that he has a constitutional power to do this as a military act, grounded on a military necessity; that the Commander-in-Chief of our army must have the right to judge of the existence and the force of this necessity. It follows that if he has erred it was not by the assumption of a power he did not rightfully possess, but in the exercise of a right that belonged to him."

Of the existence of the right and authority of the President to do as he has done, we repeat, there can be no doubt. In our Revolution, Lord Dunmore, Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis made similar Proclamations, as a right incident to military operations, and no one disputed it. Washington himself conceded it, and in regard to the Proclamation of Lord Dunmore, inviting slaves to accept freedom within his lines, he wrote:

"His strength will increase as a snowball by rolling, and faster, if some expedient cannot be hit upon to convince the slaves and servants of the impotency of his designs."

That military operations justified a resort to such extreme expedients as a wholesale emancipation of slaves was fully conceded by Jefferson himself, while complaining of his own individual losses in this respect, from Cornwallis. In a letter to Dr. Gordon he said:

"He [Cornwallis] destroyed all my growing crops and tobacco; he burned all my barns, containing the same articles of last year. Having first taken what corn he wanted, he used, as was to be expected, all my stock of cattle, sheep and hogs, for the sustenance of his army, and carried off all the horses capable of service. He carried off also about 30 slaves. Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right. From an estimate made at the time, on the best information I could collect, I suppose the State of Virginia lost under Lord Cornwallis's hands, that year, about 30,000 slaves."

Our Spy System.

It is, without doubt, a matter of wonder to the people of the United States, certainly to the Northern portion, how a great war like the present can progress on territory almost identical with our own, and yet so little be known of the movements of the enemy, the real state of the unarmed population, and the general geography and topography of the country. The answer is, simply, that we have no organized spy system.

This department of our army, as necessary to its success as is the detective police to a city, is controlled by accident, and, as a sequence, is utterly deficient. We are almost entirely dependent upon deserters from the enemy, contrabands, refugees and rebel newspapers for whatever information we obtain. The first of these are the very worst class to expect anything from having the slightest importance, and the last will certainly not publish anything of consequence when they know how dependent we are upon them for intelligence. It is upon the false construction placed by our War Department upon this fact that causes the issue of the absurd and stringent orders against our own press. The belief that the rebels have so neglected their spy system as to

make them dependent upon our newspapers for a knowledge of army movements, is something indicative of blindness in our War Department. There are the very best reasons for believing that the enemy is in possession of the most minute information connected with our army and our Government—information that has not even reached the thousand ears of the press, and that is supposed to rest only with the most important officers of our Government. And why should they not? Have they not spies and informants in every grade and circle of our society? Will it be denied that we tolerate them in our public offices, our public places and in our daily homes? Is there not every facility for them to get their information through our lines? Scarce a week passes that some carrier is not arrested, with a mail, marching into Dixie. It is a well understood thing in Baltimore that letters can be got through for the sum of \$2, and while this exists there any wonder that the rebel Government should be entirely posted up on the most minute matters connected with the North?

There is but one remedy; we must fight fire with fire. We must have an organized system of espionage. Let us not, in the hour of our peril, scorn the lessons of European Governments who have found such a system vital. It will be useless to depend on reconnaissances, or on an occasional spy going in or through the enemy's camp. Our spies should permeate everywhere, be in the camps, the workshops, the public offices, and by the hearthstones. It is useless to say that such a service cannot be instituted. Offer but the inducements, and men will be found possessing the talent and the daring to risk their lives in the hazardous service. It cannot be expected that men will walk into the peril of an ignominious death for the pay of a private in the ranks, nor yet that of a subordinate officer. Men have their price; let them be bought, and even though they overvalue themselves in the service, we feel satisfied they will be cheap to the country. The revelations of an intelligent spy may save the country millions of money and many valuable lives; is it therefore too much that he should be rewarded without stint for a service that equals that of the skillful General in the field? Of what consequence would it be to the nation if it kept 1,000 men in their pay, drawing the emoluments of Brigadier-Generals, if the few millions they should cost gave us the immense advantage over the enemy that a thorough knowledge of his plans and movements, and of his sentiments and feelings of the soldiers and people would give?

This deficiency has been our great drawback from the beginning of the war. Let it be so no longer; the Government has but to make its want known and thousands of men competent for the duty will offer. This will be the true way to crush out traitors in our midst as well as rebellion in arms, far better for the first than dozens of Forts Lafayette and Warren, and more potent against the last than 100,000 men.

REBEL TAXATION.—The Tax bill just going into operation may be very severe and searching, but it is moderation itself compared with that just adopted by the rebel Congress. This proposes to tax each person resident in the so-called Confederate States on the 1st day of January, 1863, "one-fifth the value of all the wheat, corn, rice, rye, oats, potatoes, hemp, flax, peas, beans, barley, hay, wood, rosin, tar, pitch, turpentine, cotton, sugar, molasses and tobacco produced by him in these States during the previous calendar year; also, one-fifth of the horses, asses, cattle, sheep and swine; and also one-fifth of the profits made in the preceding calendar year by the feeding of swine, sheep, cattle or mules; also, one-fifth of each person's yearly income for the preceding calendar year, from all sources whatsoever, except from the sources hereinbefore described, and except from the interest on Confederate bonds, Certificates or Treasury notes."

OPINION IN MARYLAND.—The Baltimore American in commenting on the President's Proclamation, uses the following significant language:

"If there are any who think that slavery can exist in Maryland after this war is ended, as a system of profitable labor, the sooner they open their eyes to the inevitable future the better for them. To suppose that after so terrible a conflict as that through which the loyal portion of the country will have passed, they will ever consent to the existence of the cause of the rebellion between them and their National Capitol, is simply preposterous. If the Emancipation proposition is rejected, all that are valuable will be spirited away and the door shut from their recovery. Whether the slaveholders of Maryland, therefore, the great majority of whom are disloyal, wish it or not, the days of 'the institution' are numbered in our State."

THE FORGERY IN THE LONDON TIMES.—In our paper of last week we pointed out what was nothing less than an outrageous forgery in a recent letter in the London Times from its New York correspondent. In professing to quote from the President's letter to Mr. Greeley, the phrase "the rights of the States" was substituted wherever the word "slavery" occurred in the President's letter—thus making him declare that he was ready to "destroy the rights of the States" in order to save the Union, whereas he really said that if slavery stood in the way of the Union he would "destroy slavery." The Times' correspondent finding himself in a very unpleasant predicament from the falsification of the President's language, has come out with a letter explaining that he did not commit the forgery, but copied the paragraph from a weekly paper called *The Caucasian*, which we find is the residuum of the *Day Book*, a paper suppressed some time ago for treason. We now know what kind of authorities are consulted by the New York correspondent of the Times! His explanation, while it relieves him of the charge of forgery, must nevertheless damage him with his employers. Even the Times cannot afford to retain correspondents whose carelessness causes it to be a party to the falsifications of the language of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation.

When Dr. Mackay adds to his explanation, that the forgery of *The Caucasian* is simply a "change of phraseology, though not of meaning," he simply insults the public intelligence and stultifies himself.

TENDERNESS TO TRAITORS.—Those who oppose every really vigorous measure of the Government to put down the rebellion and restore the integrity of the country, let our "misguided brethren" should become exasperated, "permanently alienated" and provoked to violence, should read the proceedings of the rebel Congress and the utterances of the Southern press. The English-tongue seems to be too weak in epithets and terms of opprobrium to enable the rebel leaders to express all their hate and malignity. If their language represents in any degree their spirit and feelings, nothing can be said or done which can intensify their rage or excite further their thirst for revenge. On the very day when the battle of Antietam was fought, and when the rebels in Richmond thought that Lee and Jackson would surely be able to carry the war into Pennsylvania, the *Dispatch* of that city uttered the following Christian exhortation:

"Let not a blade of grass, or a stalk of corn, or a barrel of flour, or a bushel of meal, or a sack of salt, or a horse, or a cow, or a hog, or a sheep be left wherever they move along. Let vengeance be taken for all that has been done, until retribution itself shall stand aghast."

Perhaps the finest railway on this continent is that over the Alleghenies, from Baltimore to the Ohio river. Rebel hate and ferocity would not spare even that grand monument of National enterprise and skill, albeit chiefly built on Virginian soil. Said the *Petersburg Express*, and Gov. Letcher said much the same in an official document:

"Every bridge, tunnel and culvert should be forthwith demolished—every embankment levelled—every cut filled up, and every cross-tie and rail removed from Harper's Ferry to Wheeling and Parkersburg."

And we are told we must be considerate and tender with men who counsel such barbarities, and what is worse, who practise them! "Misguided brethren!" Faugh!

ANOTHER LANDMARK GONE.—The old Chatham Theatre, where the elder Booth and Forrest played, decades ago, where Kirby developed the art of dying, and where Little Eva drew uncounted thousands to witness the sorrows of "Uncle Tom"—the old Chatham Theatre has succumbed at last, and, like the old and classic Park, has given place to warehouses and stores.

THE COMTE DE PARIS AND THE WAR.—The Comte de Paris has written a letter to Gen. Sickles, under date of Sept. 11th, in which he says, speaking on behalf of himself and his brother:

"We shall always remember that campaign [on the Peninsula] which the Army of the Potomac as one of the best and most interesting epochs of our youth. It is with regret that we left our companions in arms,

and nothing can be more valuable to us than such testimonies of remembrance and esteem. I need not add that our hearty wishes still accompany them; that the distance has only strengthened the interest we take in the success of the great cause for which we fought together.

"Depend upon it, however ignorant and prejudiced may be the public at large, there are still on this side of the Atlantic some hearts who follow with emotion the struggle of a great and free nation for her institutions, and who cannot believe in the ultimate success of the efforts of a deluded minority to establish a new community, whose corner-stone shall be so odious, so dangerous, and so precarious an institution as that of slavery."

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—We are indebted to the publisher for the October number of this excellent periodical, filled, as usual, with excellent engravings and entertaining and instructive reading matter. This is truly the "Monarch of the Monthlies," and with the attractions which it offers in every number, we are not surprised that its circulation is on the increase. Incorporated with this Magazine is the "Gazette of Fashion," containing a great deal of interest to the ladies, for whose benefit it is principally intended, and elucidating, in an able manner, the mysteries of needlework and fashion. Price only \$3 a year.—*Oxford (Canada) Herald.*

HOW RICHMOND MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKEN.—Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, who, it will be remembered, was arrested and imprisoned in Richmond, on the breaking out of the rebellion, and subsequently released, is writing a series of letters for the *Daily Times* of this city, under the heading of "Fifteen Months at the South." Mr. Hurlbert, from education and position, was able to form a better judgment and appreciation of affairs in the South than we have received from any other man, and his relation of facts may be taken with confidence. In his last letter he states what must be of importance in forming a just estimate of McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula, that no attempt was made to obstruct the passage of the James river until after the destruction of the Merrimac, and that any advance then by our navy (to say nothing of McClellan's army) must have given us Richmond, with scarcely any resistance. Mr. Hurlbert adds:

"The news of the blowing up of the Merrimac revived the terrors of the Pawnee panic of April, 1861. At any time in the intervening year, the brief reign of the Merrimac excepted, a Federal fleet might easily have fought its way up the river to Rockett's, and thence dictated the surrender to Richmond, but as the attempt had never been made, no serious steps had been taken to repulse it. At the time of the destruction of the Merrimac, it was generally understood that the Confederate Government had resolved to abandon Richmond, on military grounds, and remove to the South. The wives and families of many leading men were then sent into the interior, to Danville, Farmville, Raleigh. Many manufacturing of importance were transferred to Upper Georgia and South Carolina. The aspects of the banks was hurried away. Huge piles of boxes were seen about the doors of the departmental offices of State, marked for Columbia, S. C., and for Raleigh, N. C. The most important machinery of the ordnance was sent to Atlanta, in Georgia. Shops were emptied of their contents. The vehement remonstrances of the extreme Secessionists in Richmond, and the tardy movements of the National armaments arrested the progress of the Government, and the successful defence of Fort Darling chased away the popular panic."

WEST POINTERS.—The rebel newspapers boast that they have the flower of the graduates from West Point in the Southern army. Says the *Mobile Evening News*:

"From a list before us of the West Point graduates, who are officers in the armies of the United States and Confederate States, it appears that there are in the United States army 17 Major-Generals and 24 Brigadier-Generals; in the Confederate States army, five Generals (beside A. S. Johnson, killed at Shiloh), 18 Major-Generals, 41 Brigadier-Generals. From this list, which ends with 1848, it appears that we have 64 Generals from West Point in our army, while the United States have but 41."

It is not generally known that the interview of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, which resulted in the engagement just made public, took place a year ago at Heidelberg, in the gardens of the Castle. The *on dit* is, that it was not an officially arranged matter, but an accidental meeting, whereat the Prince was so favorably impressed with the young Princess of Denmark, that he signified his choice."

SOME citizens of Brannan have erected a monumental stone to the Nuremberg bookseller, Johann Philipp Palm, who was executed by Napoleon for not disclosing the name of the author of a seditious book which he had published. The stone bears the simple inscription, "Palm's End, 1806."

PROFANITY IN THE ARMY.—The following order has been issued by Gen. Howard for the suppression of profane swearing in his division:

"The General commanding this division has noticed, with extreme pain, on the part of officers and men, the constant and very general use of profane oaths. He need not remind any thinking man of the vulgarity and meanness of the practice, nor speak of it as a positive violation of God's law, but will simply appeal to the good sense and better feelings of the members of his command, and urge them, by all they hold dear, to abstain from insulting Him whose protection they need."

THE London Star concludes an able article on the National victories in Maryland as follows:

"The moral effects of victory are as uncertain as its military sequence. There will be nothing gained to order and peace and humanity, if the repulse of the Confederates from Maryland be allowed to appease the discontent of New York and New England. McClellan may have retrieved his reputation; the army of the Potomac may justly rejoice in the achievements of its valor; the tide of rebellion may be rolled back upon the slave soil in which it had its pernicious spring; but unless these fountains of all evil to the Union be for ever sealed up—unless the North make victory the servant of justice—all this precious blood will have been split in vain, and the future of the Republic only repeat the shameful struggles or more shameful compromises of the past."

It is said that we are to have soon, from a tried and competent British historian, a volume of history, in which some 1,300 letters of John Knox, never before published, will be made the basis of some chapters on Scottish affairs.

BEWARE OF BABIES IN TRAVELLING.—"How to get rid of babies" has received a new illustration recently in England, and we reproduce the story in order to put young lady travelers and others on their guard against having the responsibilities of motherhood thrust upon their hands unwillingly. In the cars between London and Bristol was a young lady residing in the latter town and an affable middle-aged woman, with a child about six or eight months old in her arms. The young lady spoke to "the baby," as a matter of course, and the female, who appeared to be baby's mother, kindly desired her to take the "interesting little thing" in her arms—a request which was promptly acceded to; and shortly afterwards the train stopped, and mamma got out to have "some refreshment," leaving the child in charge of the young lady. She did not return, however, to the same compartment, but when the train stopped at Swindon she was seen stepping from another carriage, when, seeing she was recognized, she intimated that she would be with "her darling" in a minute. The train again started, and the young lady began to feel uneasy, but she still thought that the child's mother was in another part of the train. When the train arrived at Bristol the young lady came on to the platform with the baby in her arms, expecting to give it up to the rightful owner, but after all the passengers had left she found herself on the platform with only the baby and the railway porters, and the truth then became apparent that the unnatural mother had made her a present of the child. The young woman did not know exactly what to do in the somewhat awkward fix, but at length she took the child home with her, and there it still remains. The parish authorities and the police, it is said, refuse to have anything to do with it, and thus the little stranger is for the time enjoying the luxuries of a comfortable home. Nothing whatever has since been heard of the mother, who has no doubt retired long since to the obscurity from which on this singular errand she had temporarily emerged.

THE Washington correspondent of the Herald, alluding to Gen. Kearny's letter to Mr. Halstead on McClellan's Peninsular campaign, the existence of which has been denied, says:

"The letter does exist, and is a document blaming in the most positive terms Gen. McClellan's Peninsular campaign. The writer affirms that upon several occasions our forces might have marched into Richmond had the Commander-in-Chief exerted a little boldness or better Generalship. His tendency to take up strong positions and fortify them, the enemy, of course, having no intention of attacking any such stronghold, is ridiculed; while, to sum up, McClellan is pronounced 'burnt out.' The writer affirms that when Manassas was first evacuated Gen. McClellan should have followed the enemy into Richmond; that after the battle of Williamsburg our troops might have entered that city, and also after the seven days' fighting—opportunities lost, says Gen. Kearny, from a want of decision, of boldness, on the part of Gen. McClellan."

"OVERWHELMING NUMBERS."—The cry of "overwhelming numbers," as an excuse for our reverses, or the inaction of our Generals, had better be dropped. It is sometimes unpleasant to face truth, but it is invariably best. We have always doubted the stories of the immense armies that came down on our single divisions like avalanches, for it has never been quite plain to us where all the fighting men came from. It is fair to conclude that the most of them are men in buckram. Thus Gen. Grant reported himself as engaging 70,000 rebels at Shiloh. The statement of the author of "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army," who served as Special Aid to Breckinridge during the whole battle, we have no reason or disposition to doubt:

"Breckinridge had 12,000 men, Bragg and Hardee about 20,000, Hindman and Polk not far from 10,000. The whole Confederate force was afterward stated in their official reports to be 39,000 men—it probably reached 45,000, but certainly not more. This statement, I know, will create surprise, and perhaps denial, but I know whereof I affirm in this. At this time I did not know, nor did the troops generally have any clear idea of our force."

SUPPRESSION OF NEWSPAPERS.—A friend of ours thus alludes to the contemptible swindle "ever going on," by which our soldiers are robbed of their letters and newspapers:

"Many thanks for papers, and I hope they will come to hand. It is a confounded shame and an outrage upon our rights as American citizens (which I presume we don't forfeit because we become soldiers) that our papers are constantly being stolen. There are hundreds who would subscribe if they thought they would ever get them. I would give \$25 to get some clue to the detection of those who steal the papers sent to the camp. It is worse than stealing the pennies from a dead man's eyes."

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, in connection with the following letter, that at the time the application was made there were three complete batteries all ready at Washington, and unattached. Comment is superfluous:

HEADQUARTERS, 11TH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 1, 1862.

NORMAN WIARD, Esq., Washington, D. C.:
Sir—Early in September I made a requisition for a battery of your (Wiard's) 13-pound steel rifled guns, which was refused me, although I am assured that such a battery could be made ready for service, complete, within two hours, from batteries now at the Washington Arsenal. I have had in my corps 12 Parrott guns, 11 of which broke their axles and all of them were inferior in all respects to the Wiard batteries. I also had six of the wrought-iron ordnance guns, and five of their axles broke down. These guns, with Hotchkiss's projectiles, were much more effective than the Parrott guns and projectiles, but, like these, were constantly failing me in action when most urgently needed, from breaking and derangement of carriages, etc. I have had 12 Wiard guns (Capt. Johnson's and De Beck's batteries) which never failed me, except from entire exhaustion of ammunition. None of the axles or other parts of their carriages ever broke down, and their mobility, accuracy and range, together with the remarkable facility for adjustment and repair on the field, were the subject of general remark among officers and men. In my judgment the Wiard guns and equipments are superior to any field artillery I have ever seen in service.

I am, very respectfully, yours truly,
F. SIGEL, Major-General U. S. V.

NEW WAY OF ADVERTISING FOR A HUSBAND.—A satirical lady thus endeavors to get a husband after her own heart—as birds of a feather flock together, she will, no doubt, succeed; and as a fellow-feeling makes all wondrous kind, they will be a happy and congenial pair:

"WANTED—A Fool for a Lady of Distinction—must be perfect and playful, as it is necessary to keep the lady laughing all day. Address, giving full description and amount of salary required, A. B. C., Herald Office."

Another want is embodied in the following letter copied from *The World*:

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION WANTED.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD—My husband is an officer in the rebel army, and will never lay down his arms while Mr. Lincoln is President. There are many ladies in this State also who have husbands fighting against the North. As there is a proclamation to free the slaves of disloyal citizens, why can't we have a proclamation to free wives from disloyal husbands?
EUNICE.

WAR NEWS.

Destruction of a Rebel Steamer in Mobile Harbor.

LIEUT.-COMMANDING WALKER, of the gunboat Winona, writes to the Navy Department, September 20, off Mobile: "I discovered one of the enemy's steamers lying in Navy Cove and within range of my guns, firing over land. The first shot carried away the top of her smoke stack and caused the crew to leave the vessel. The next two shots went over her, and the fourth struck her and knocked her to pieces. Fort Morgan fired over and around us, but without casualties."

Capture of Ponchatoula, La.

ACTING-GEN. GEORGE C. STRONG left New Orleans on the 13th of September, to surprise the rebels in the village of Ponchatoula, but failed because the steamer New London was unable to cross the bar, and the steamer Ceres failed to reach her destination. He then went to Manchac Bridge and destroyed the railroad on Manchac Island. Gen. Strong then took Ponchatoula and destroyed 20 cars laden with molasses, cotton, sugar, etc. His loss was trifling.

NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

A COSTLY compliment is about being paid to the genius of Milton. He was buried under the parish church of St. Giles. This church escaped the fire of London in 1666, and with the exception of St. Bartholomew the Great, in Smithfield, is the oldest church in the city. The proposed restoration will cost £3,000.

It is stated in the *Baltimore American* that the number of papers daily distributed in the several armies and corps in the neighborhood of Washington exceeds 80,000 dailies and 10,000 weeklies.

GOV. MORGAN has requested the War Department to allow the new regiments from this State to be attached to Gen. Sickles's division.

THE Count de Paris is preparing for publication a history of the war in the United States from its commencement to the battles before Richmond.

It has been decided by the War Department that the commutation to the persons conscientiously opposed to bearing arms, and thus exempted by the Constitution of Indiana, will be \$200.

PERSONAL.

A GOLD medal has been presented to Samuel Smalls, the negro pilot who captured the rebel gunboat in Charleston harbor, by the colored citizens of New York. It has on one side a representation of the steamer Planter leaving Charleston harbor, when near Sumter. The Federal fleet is seen in the distance. On the reverse it bears this inscription: "Presented to Robert Smalls by the colored citizens of New York, Oct. 2, 1862, as a token of their regard for his heroism, his love of liberty and his patriotism."

THOMAS HILL, LL.D., has been elected President of Harvard College. He was recently President of Antioch College, Ohio, succeeding Horace Mann, who died in office.

FIELD-MARSHALL HARTLIEB DE WALLTHOR, one of the oldest Generals in the Austrian army, has just died at Vienna. It was he who, as commissioner of the Allies, accompanied by 800 men of the Imperial Guard under Cambronne, followed Napoleon I. to Elba. He was also the author of several works on military tactics.

CAPT. RODRIGUEZ, who has been in New York for the last month, recruiting for the Hawkins Zouaves, returned on the 16th of October to his regiment at Antietam Creek. Capt. Rodriguez distin-

guished himself at Roanoke and Camden. He is succeeded by Lieut. Horner.

MISS CHASE, the belle of Washington, it is rumored, will soon be led to the altar by one of our most loyal and wealthy Governors. A most exquisite and full-length portrait of her will appear in the forthcoming number of *Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

CAPT. JAS. E. SMITH, commandant of the 4th New York Battery, has been appointed Chief of Artillery of Sickles's division.

OBITUARY.

THE CHEVALIER JOMARD, (Edme. François Jomard) died recently in Paris, aged 85 years. He was the oldest member of the Institute of France. A graduate of the Polytechnic School, he commenced his scientific career as a member of the famous communion of savans, comprising Denon, Champollion, etc., which accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt in 1798. He was subsequently made Secretary of the Commission, and as such superintended the publication of its great national work, the *Description de l'Egypte*, to which he devoted 19 years of his life. In 1821 he assisted in organizing the Geographical Society of France, of which he remained the most active and zealous member up to the time of his death. In 1828 he was put in charge of the Department of Geography and Travels in the Imperial Library, retaining his position to the end of his life. It is said that he was actively engaged amongst the treasures of his department on the day preceding his death. In 1833 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. His scientific works, embracing the fields of geography, ethnology, philology, etc., are both numerous and voluminous. In fact, he will rank among the most voluminous writers of the century. Besides his valuable publications, he had the additional claim on the respect and gratitude of his countrymen of having introduced the Lancastrian system of education into France. He was simple in life, the warm friend and patron of young men struggling in the rough paths of science, and to the erudition of the scholar united the amenities of the gentleman.

BRIG.-GEN. PLEASANT A. HACKLEMAN, who was killed in the late battle at Corinth, was for many years a prominent leader in the Whig, and afterwards in the Republican party in the State of Indiana. He was for a long time editor of a Whig and Republican newspaper in that State. He went into the United States service as Colonel of the 16th Indiana (one year) regiment, in which position he acquitted himself with unusual credit. When the 16th regiment was mustered out of the service, Col. Hackleman was tendered a commission of Brigadier-General in the three years' service. As a politician he was without reproach, and he proved himself a gallant military officer.

BRIG.-GEN. JAMES S. JACKSON, killed in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, was for some time a Member of Congress from Kentucky, his native State. When the 3d regiment of Kentucky volunteers (cavalry) was raised last year, Gen. Jackson was made Colonel, and served gallantly at the head of his regiment in various engagements, distinguishing himself in all. He was appointed Brigadier-General July 16, 1862. In the battle of the 8th of October, Gen. Jackson commanded a division, and was therefore acting Major-General.

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM R. TERRILL, killed in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, was born in Virginia, from which State he entered the Military Academy at West Point, in the year 1849, graduating in 1853 as brevet 2d lieutenant in the 3d artillery. He was subsequently transferred to the 4th artillery. In 1855 Lieut. Terrill was assigned to duty at West Point as assistant professor of mathematics, and in the following year he was promoted to a first lieutenancy, and ordered to join his regiment then serving in Florida. When the 5th regiment of artillery was organized under the President's proclamation of May 14, 1861, Lieut. Terrill was selected for one of the captaincies, and proceeded to recruit for his company, which was one of the first to obtain its complement of men. This company was known as Terrill's Battery, being, like all the other companies of the Fifth Artillery, a light field battery, specially adapted to the requirements of the present war. Of Capt. Terrill's more recent movements we have no intelligence until the report reached us of his death in battle.

ORDER OF GEN. McCLELLAN ON THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, Md., Oct. 7.

GENERAL ORDER 163.—The attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac is called to General Orders No. 130, War Department, Sept. 24th, 1862, publishing to the army the President's Proclamation of Sept. 22d.

A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation officially communicated to the army, affords to the General Commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States towards the civil authorities of the Government.

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.

The principle upon which, and the objects for which armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities; and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the National affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation.

Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of troops, by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady and constant support of the authority of the Government which is the highest duty of the American soldier.

The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of the army to the true position between the soldiers and the Government, the General Commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic; and in so doing he will be considered by every right-minded person as casting no reflection upon that loyalty and good conduct which has been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy this army will of course be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct toward the defenceless.

By command of Maj.-Gen. McClellan,
JAMES A. HARDEE,
Lieut.-Col., Adj.-de-Camp, and A. A. A. G.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

If the threatened increased scarcity of change should occur, it is feared that even the Moon will find it difficult to gain its quarters.

THE way for the United States Government to prevent its officers from surrendering is to make them afraid to surrender.

THE rebels, in their late flight from Rosecrans, did not seek refuge in any mountain gorge, but relied chiefly for safety upon a fastness.

If hunger, as they say, "can eat through a stone wall," we should think that bravery might eat through Stonewall Jackson and his army.

If the men in all our cities would turn out and close the war, they wouldn't so often be called on to close their places of business.

GEN. LEE may be an officer of considerable penetration, but he couldn't penetrate Maryland and Pennsylvania.

THE New Orleans *Delta* apprehends that, in consequence of the war, the people of the South can make no sugar. Oh, we will send them any quantities of lead, and they can make sugar-of-lead!

WE have too many Generals in this war. If we are not out-Generalled, we are over-Generalled.

THE rebels have lost Harper's Ferry. They will soon be able to have no foothold in all that neighborhood except upon the platform old John Brown stood on.

THOSE who in these hard times are keeping their silver change so close, would probably have it thought that in war they are for close quarters.

THE editor of the *Lawrence American*, having enlisted in the nine months' quota, publishes a portrait of his editorial substitute while absent in the war. It looks very much like a pair of scissors.

WHEN the rebels "ran like sheep," they fled towards Shepherd's Town.

COL. CHAS. H. BURTIS.

COL. CHAS. H. BURTIS was born at Oyster Bay, about 1824, and from his youth upwards took great interest in military affairs. After serving his time as a private in the 7th regiment, he was promoted to a 1st lieutenant in the 8th regiment, and soon afterwards made Captain. He was then appointed Major of the Flushing or 37th regiment, and always distinguished himself by his unrivalled attention to the discipline of his men. When the present rebellion broke out he was appointed Lieut.-Col. of the 74th regiment, and in that capacity proceeded to Washington. Being appointed to Gen. Hooker's division on the Lower Potomac, he was detailed to the important duty of guarding the commissariat stores at the depot at Point Liverpool, a position of great responsibility, since they often amounted to the enormous value of \$3,000,000.

His sterner work commenced at the battle of Williamsburg, where Hooker's division bore the chief brunt of that terrible and glorious day. Since then he has been with his gallant regiment, engaged in the arduous struggles of the Chickahominy, and has fought not only wisely but too well, since the fatigues and privations he has undergone have resulted in illness which compels him to resign for the present his active position.

Col. Burtis is a good soldier, an excellent disciplinarian, and a gentleman of acknowledged ability and courtesy.

GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.

THIS brave soldier, who has distinguished himself on several occasions as one of our hardest fighting Generals, was born in New York, in 1825, and entered West Point in 1842. He was breveted 2d Lieutenant of the 1st dragoons on the 1st of July, 1846. On the 9th of May, 1861, he was appointed Major of the 4th regular cavalry, and on the 13th of August, 1861, received the appointment of Brigadier-General. He was actively employed in the Peninsular campaign, and is now with Gen. McClellan's army on the Potomac.

GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER.

GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER was born in New Hampshire, and entered West Point in 1841. On the 1st of July, 1846, he was breveted 2d Lieutenant in the 4th Artillery. In 1847 he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and breveted Captain for his gallantry in the battle of El Molino del Rey. He was then breveted Major for his services in the battle of Chapultepec, and was wounded in the fight at the Belen gate in the capture of the City of Mexico. In 1849 he was appointed Assistant Instructor in the Military Academy. At the commencement of the rebellion he was made Colonel—date, May 14th, 1861—and three days afterwards Brigadier-General of the United States army. He was then appointed Provost-Marshal of Washington, D. C., in which position he was accused of favoring those peculiar gentlemen who claimed runaway slaves. He commanded a division at the disastrous battle of the first Bull Run. He was with Gen. McClellan throughout the equally unfortunate Peninsular campaign. He is now in command of one of the *corps d'armée* under McClellan, and was present at the battle of Antietam, but owing to some profound strategic arrangement he remained perfectly passive with 17,000 men, while Burnside was struggling with overwhelming numbers at the bridge. Gen. Fitzjohn Porter is about 40 years old.

DESPERATE ACTION AT DAM NO. 4, BETWEEN
Butterfield's Brigade and the Rebels.

A DESPERATE and disastrous action, which our Artist calls a second Bull's Bluff affair, occurred last week on the banks of the Potomac. Early in the morning Gen. Butterfield's brigade, consisting of the 44th New York, 17th New York, 18th Massachusetts and



COLONEL C. H. BURTIS, LATE OF THE 74TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

118th Pennsylvania, were ordered to make a reconnaissance on the Virginia side. Crossing over at Dam No. 4, which is about six miles northwest in a straight line from Sharpsburg, and eight south from Williamsport, they had hardly landed when a most murderous fire was opened upon them from an entire division of the rebel army, every volley of which told, as they had our troops completely under range. Our brave fellows made a desperate resistance, but they were compelled to retire before superior numbers, and retreated in moderate order across the river. The 118th Pennsylvania regiment lost nearly half its number. Butterfield's brigade belongs to Gen. Morell's division.

MASSACRE OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY BY INDIANS.

WHOEVER may have inspired the devilish outrages recently committed by the Indians, there can be no question that they have embraced an unprecedented series of horrors, and they show that the Indian, like the tiger or the snake, is untameable and insensible to all those humanizing processes which craven philanthropists, assisted by dreaming novelists, have for the last

100 years tried to force into the policy of our Government. We trust this last crowning evidence of their real nature will put a summary end to those costly and murderous experiments which have just carried horror into every American heart. These redskin fiends have for years received large sums of money from our Government, and are in the habit of paying occasional visits to the Great Father at Washington, as they with a grim sarcasm term him.

All who have lived among these redskins concur in declaring that their nature is not human. Indeed, what can be expected of a race who have for centuries oppressed and degraded their own women, as all the Indian tribes have done. Mr. McMurphy, who lived years with the Nebraska Indians, and who who treated almost as one of them, declares that he never knew a redskin who would not, should a fitting occasion offer, scalp his very best white friend! The fear of immediate punishment is the only law they recognise, and this they will disregard when under the influence of whiskey.

By the latest accounts it would seem that the Sioux Indians had been driven back, and that 1,500 prisoners had been taken. The chiefs must be executed, and at once—no pestilent pseudo-philanthropy must stand in the way of making this last outrage of theirs a final one, if there be any vigor in a white man's hand or justice in a white man's heart.

But the sketch we publish to-day will preach more eloquently than our words, and we conclude by quoting our Artist's description of this scene of horror:

"Herewith find a rough sketch of a scene near New Ulm, Minn., during the Indian massacre. On the 20th of August I started for New Ulm, and when within eight miles of the place found Indian signs very evident; rifled and broken wagons, clothing and furniture, sad-der yet, many dead bodies, mostly Germans. But, on turning off towards a small grove to reconnoitre the prairie beyond, I found the remains of an American family, who had evidently been cut off, while trying to make the timber, in the vain hope of fighting under cover and beating off the foe. My sketch gives but an outline of the reality. Two women, apparently sisters, were laying near the rocks; one had her hands cut off; a fine stalwart man was near them, shot through the head; and two children, stripped and horribly slashed, were there; one had been impaled on a branch of the tree near, the other lay in the leaves; a boy, about 15, lay near the wagon. The boxes were broken open and the goods scattered. The family was an intelligent one apparently, and, I think, must have been from one of our great cities."

NEW BUSINESS FOR THE CORN EXCHANGE.—A good thing came off when the Corn Exchange's last corps left Philadelphia for Harrisburg. Among the men was one who had a young wife. While they were waiting for the order to march, the young wife was taking leave of her husband, in accents broken, and eyes that lay bedewed in tears, like violets in a summer shower. The man caressed her, but the tears still started; he told her of the patriotism and munificence of the Corn Exchange Association, yet the crystals continued to fall; he told her of the country's danger, but her anguish was not soothed. At last, weary of his endeavors, he tried another tack. "Sally," said he, "quit crying. You see what the Corn Exchange has done. They've paid you my bounty, fitted me out, and everything."

"Yes," the girl sobbed, "but—" "But what?" "But if you get killed, what then?" "Why?"—the man hesitated for a moment until a lucky thought struck him—"Why, then the Corn Exchange will find you another husband!" The ludicrousness of the idea changed the current of the girl's feelings, and a smile wreathed her pretty mouth and dimples in a manner that was pleasant to behold. The last tear rolled away, and as the word "forward" was given, she gave the young recruit a last kiss, and departed in good cheer.

SINCE the demand for lint became so great, many of the very best ladies of the Nation have got into a scrape.

WHEN the newspaper correspondents want to tell a big lie, they generally begin by saying, "It is stated in official circles."



GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



GENERAL FITZJOHN PORTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



CAMPAIN IN MARYLAND—BATTLE AT DAM NO. 4, POTOMAC RIVER, BETWEEN LITTLEFIELD'S BRIGADE AND A LARGE REBEL FORCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCOTT.

REBEL CAVALRY OFFICERS DRIVING THEIR STRAGGLERS BACK.

ONE of the greatest evils in a volunteer army is the practice of straggling. This decreases under the elevating process of discipline; but all our Artists agree in declaring that they have seen nearly one-fourth of a regiment, including officers, dropping off one by one at convenient opportunities. In some cases this may proceed from sheer exhaustion, but generally speaking it is for the purpose of cooking their rations, taking a nap, or for shirking a battle. Federal discipline is very lax in this respect, and more stringent regulations are imperatively demanded.

The rebel Generals, whom no considerations of humanity ever restrain from making the most cruel examples, treat stragglers without mercy, and hundreds of these miserable men are cut down or shot by their own officers in their attempts to evade the stern necessity of battle. The result is that the rebel hordes very often fight with a desperation unknown in modern warfare. Mr. Sehell, who from a hill at Antietam had a capital view of the field of battle, saw many instances in which some mounted rebel officers rode amid a body of stragglers and drove them back into the conflict. We have engraved a sketch he sent illustrating this peculiar mode of Southern drilling.

Panics generally spring from these stragglers, whose numbers swell as they go along, infecting regiments which otherwise would have stood their ground.

WEEKLY GOSSIP—MUSIC, DRAMA, ETC.

THE closing night of Gottschalk's Concerts, at Irving Hall, was a perfect ovation. The hall was crowded to the very doors, and a more enthusiastic audience was never gathered together. Gottschalk played his solo with his usual consummate perfection, leaving no desire to be gratified save the desire to hear more. His duets with Harry Sanderson called forth the most tumultuous applause, and were honored with encores. The response to "William Tell" was Sanderson's beautiful "Bridal Eve Polka," which was also encored and responded to by one of Gottschalk's lovely Cuban airs. These duets are truly the popular feature in Gottschalk's pleasant concerts. It is a pity that Gottschalk left so soon for Boston. The popular tide was just beginning to flow towards him, and three or four more concerts could have been given with brilliant results. We are curious to know what the one-horse critics of Boston will say of Gottschalk this visit! When there before, they scolded him like ragged viragoes, because he did not write like Beethoven and play like Satter. These sublimated scribes have for years held up Beethoven as a shield between themselves and the world, saying, "Lo! like barnacles we stick to this great man; ergo, we ourselves are great!" and echo answers, "Yes! like other barnacles, great—nuances." It would be well for our Boston cousins if the world heard from them less about Beethoven and more common sense and liberal judgment.

The talented young pianist, Mr. Pattison, will in a few days give his first concert at Irving Hall. He is a fluent player, with a crisp, brilliant touch, and has achieved much executive facility.

The Philharmonic Society has cut off its professional subscribers, because a few black sheep among them attended the rehearsals and sold their tickets at night. We doubt the policy of making the majority suffer for a mean and trifling minority. The Society has also cut off the usual admission to the press. This is not only an unwise but a very illiberal step, for the Philharmonic Society owes its very existence to the fostering kindness of the press. Through its early years of weakness and indifferently playing, the press stood by its fast friend, lenient to its faults, earnest in support of its interests. Now, like the London Philharmonic, it has grown fat and saucy, and turns up its aristocratic nose at the means by which it rose to respectability. We should be sorry to have to name it the New York Parvenue Society, but we shall have to do so if it does not mend its manners. When Costa took the direction of the Philharmonic Society of London, he commenced cleansing that Augean stable by clearing out the old fogies who lay snoozing in the stalls, too old and lazy to work, but exceedingly active in grasping their pay. He infused youthful blood into the worn-out thing, until, when the fungi were brushed away, it shook itself and found that it had life. It woke to an understanding that there was a possible future that might be worth attending to. The courtesies of its early existence were renewed, and it rose like a phoenix from the ashes of rusty, mouldering egotism. We want a Costa in New York.

The intelligent society of Yorkers and its neighborhood will enjoy an evening with Mr. Harry Sanderson next week. At the solicitation of many families he will give a concert at Getty Hall on Monday, the 20th inst., assisted by Mrs. H. C. Watson.

A great "Richard III." may fairly be considered a modern anomaly. Since the elder Kean and Booth trod the stage in the days of our fathers, the lovers of the theatre have given it up as an impossibility. Fair, respectable Richards might be met with, but a really great one was apparently out of the question. One man, however, amongst the latter race of artists has been a steadily progressive actor. He has gradually created not only a great but a new Richard. When he last acted it there were parts of it which were fine, but portions of it were indistinguishable and there was material and no more; but there was no unity. The idea was there, palpable, clear and vigorous, but it needed more thorough workmanship. It had all the hardness of an unfinished picture. Here was an isolated expression, there a fragmentary action, touched on with truth and nature, but all was incomplete. This is no longer Mr. Forrest has been at work upon it. He has now completed and toned in the whole picture, which has at last a fair right to assume companionship in the modern histrionic gallery with his own greatest characters, and with the masterpieces of a Rachel or a Lemaître. It would be useless to attempt an analytical criticism of such a work of art in the space which is at our disposal. It may, however, be permitted to say that the Richard of Mr. Forrest is as fine an example of a great comedian's tragedy as we have ever seen. Nothing could be more quiet and gentlemanly than the princely villain. He had embodied royal cruelty and rascality to perfection. It may not have been Collier's edition of the Richard of Shakespeare, but it was one grander and more subtle. It was the Richard of Bulwer, older, perhaps, but carefully drawn on and marvellously finished; such a Richard as, were we a woman, we too, might have been so soft enough to have believed; such a Richard as, had we been a Buckingham, would have infallibly sold us; such a Richard as might lie to us or swindle us; but one that we could never look upon with contempt, even when we knew him, because our dislike had grown with knowledge into a living fear, and we felt beneath the soft and delicate skin the iron muscle and the large bone of a strong and fierce audacity, whose vigor alone made that corrupt nature a positive and unmistakable grandeur. In conception and delineation such is Forrest's Richard.

That Edwin Booth has a high order of genius, we think no one who has witnessed his several representations will deny. He is not an actor who compels admiration of the mass by sudden bursts of tumultuous passion, but rather trusts for his effects to the intellectual force of his delineations. Admirable as were his personations of Brutus and Shylock, we consider his reading of Iago his masterpiece so far. It differs essentially from the reading of his predecessors, and is superior for its natural subtlety and admirably hidden hypocrisy. His face is a mask which may be gazed on and trusted, the devil is in his heart, and only he himself is conscious of its existence. The great qualities of Edwin Booth may be fairly tested by the personation of the character of Iago. His engagement at Winter Garden has been a marked success. This week he appears in "Richelieu."

Comedy and play still continue the rage at Wallack's, and still delighted crowds flock there nightly to enjoy the most perfect dramatic representations that can be witnessed on this continent.

The fascination of Peg Woffington still prevails at Laura Keane's, but we are promised, as soon as the public cease to demand the repetition of that charming play, a new comedy called "No Rest for the Wicked," in which Miss Laura Keane and Mr. Blake will appear, and Miss Emma Robertson will make her debut.

"Under the Snow," a new drama by Dion Bourcicault, has been produced by Barnum in a style of great magnificence. New scenery, decorations, properties and music, and the cast supported by the whole strength of the dramatic company. It is needless to say that it has made a great hit, for besides the splendor of its getting up, the plot is full of thrilling and romantic interest. It promises to give a long and successful run. The tropical fish still make the aquariums dazzling by their gorgeous colors as they flash in the limpid waters. Commodore Nutt has returned, and with the other wonderful curiosities can be seen at the Museum day and night.

ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE *Nord* of Brussels says that "a French captain is said to have just returned from a voyage to Africa with specimens of a plant the name of which is still kept a secret, and which, submitted to some chemical process, yields a substance perfectly resembling cotton. Several pieces of stuff have been woven out of it, and specimens submitted to the Emperor of the French. These stuffs are described as stronger than cotton tissue, equal in fineness and 60 per cent. cheaper. The plant abounds both in Africa and America, and will thrive very well in Algeria. The *Nord* adds that a company is being formed to work this substance on a large scale."

THE California *Farmer* states: "We have the following fact from Dr. Charles Duncanson, of Hicksville, upon whose farm is the

illustration: A well was bored on the farm with a four-inch auger, 60 feet deep, from which pure, sparkling water gushed up freely and continuously, forming a little rivulet, and creating near its mouth a basin. From this well are constantly being thrown up very small fish, like minnows. From the great depth they continually come—perfect fish, with eyes, and swim lively. But if the water is allowed to remain in the basin and become dirty or warm, they die. They can only exist in pure, cold, running water. Can naturalists tell where these fish come from, and class them?"

THE ancient theatre of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was 600 feet, 40 feet more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing 15 inches for each person, it would accommodate 55,700 spectators. Drury Lane will only contain 3,200, and old Covent Garden held 2,800. This edifice was the scene of one of Apollonius's miracles. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts xix, when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this edifice the writer to the Corinthians alluded, probably, when he said: "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me?"

THE Atlantic ocean includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 360,000,000 tons; and the salt which, when the water was taken up as a vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty purpose, and cast into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of Nature that movements so vast are unperceived.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN Austrian paper, the *Vaterland*, states that on the capture of Garibaldi being communicated to the Emperor Napoleon by Cav. Nigra, the Italian Envoy, his Majesty addressed him as follows: "I am delighted (the Emperor is reported to have said) that this awkward (*facheuse*) affair should have been so happily terminated, and I cannot withhold my admiration for the energy and courage which the Government has displayed. Let your Government know that I congratulate it with all my heart on its success, and that I thoroughly appreciate its attitude. Its advantages will soon be reaped, for Europe has just had a proof that the Government of Victor Emanuel has seriously broken off with the revolutionists. Much has been done, but the most difficult remains behind. The King's Government must not indulge in the belief that passions in Italy are not roused to their utmost pitch. To calm those passions, restore order, enforce respect for the laws, organize the country—that is its mission. I have given Italy sufficient proofs of my sympathy to be entitled to give her advice. Believe me, give up for the present any idea of further annexations; organize, strengthen yourselves, calm down the public mind now in a state of effervescence. It requires higher gifts to preserve and unify what has been acquired than to make fresh acquisitions. I can understand the impatient desire that impels the Italians toward Rome, but that contingency will only become serious and practical when the Italian kingdom is completely consolidated at home. It is not by making use of the party of action, but by its organic strength, that Italy can hope for further aggrandizement. You shall have Rome; yes, you shall; but you must previously prove to Europe that you are able to retain it."

COUNT DE CASTELLANO, Marshal of France and Senator, recently died at Lyons, at the age of 74 years. He had received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and had also been decorated with most of the principal orders of Europe.

It is rumored that Meyerbeer, the eminent musical composer, will shortly make his appearance in Paris.

THE effective force of the Italian army numbered on the 1st of July last 323,580 men.

BOTH in Demarara and Antigua, the question of introducing black and colored laborers from this country is being actively discussed.

THE Emperor of Austria was to leave Vienna on the 21st ult. for Moravia. His stay at the camps of Duras and Bruun would be of about a week's duration. Grand manoeuvres were to take place on the battle-field of Austerlitz.

THE city of Hamburg will be shortly provided with street railways.

ALL the regiments in the French army now include both photographers and telegraphers.

COUNT DE CASTEX, aide-de-camp to Gen. Lorencez, recently arrived in Paris with the flags taken from the Mexicans. He is to present them to Napoleon.

COUNT WALEWSKI, French Minister of State, is charged with the Ministry of War during the absence of Marshal Randon. The Count, who is a natural son of the first Napoleon, has lately forbidden the performance in Paris of a drama founded upon "Les Misérables."

GEN. LORENCEZ has solicited from Louis Napoleon his recall from Mexico when Gen. Forey arrives there to take command of the troops.

COUNT BAMBOZZI—rather a significant name—Superintendent of the Papal Prisons, has become insane in consequence of his disturbed conscience. Of course he was a great tyrant.

PRINCE NAPOLEON and the Princess Clothilde arrived at Turin on the 24th, to take part in the ceremonies attending the marriage of the Princess Maria with the King of Portugal. They were received with enthusiasm. The Prince had had a long interview with the President of the Council.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that M. Lavalette, the French Ambassador there, would leave in a few days for Biarritz, whence he would proceed to Spain. It is asserted that, having exhausted diplomatic means of bringing about a solution of the Roman question, he will not again return to Rome as Ambassador from France.

PROFESSOR PARTRIDGE, in officially reporting upon Garibaldi's condition, says: "The General is subjected to good surgical treatment, and his wound is progressing favorably. If proper attention be paid to it for some months to come, a cure will be effected, and he will have a good serviceable foot and leg, although perhaps a little stiff."

A REMARKABLE FACT.

How the Ghost of Gen. Wynyard's Brother appeared to him and to Sir John Sherbrooke.

SIR JOHN SHERBROKE and Gen. Wynyard were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. They were connected by a similarity of tastes and studies, and spent together in literary occupation much of that vacant time which their brother officers squandered away. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's room; it was perfectly light—about four o'clock; they had dined, but neither of them had drunk wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupation of the morning. I ought to have said that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom; there were no means of entering the sitting-room but from the passage, and no other egress from the bedroom but through the sitting-room, so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbrooke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him toward the door that opened into the passage, observed a tall youth, of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the appearance of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend, who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to the guest who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned toward the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated:

"I have heard," says Sir John Sherbrooke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse except Wynyard's at that moment."

As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech, and Sherbrooke, perceiving the agitation of his friend felt no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and in the act of pass-

ing them, cast its eyes with a somewhat melancholy expression on young Wynyard. The expression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm, and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice:

"Great God! My brother?"

"Your brother!" repeated Sherbrooke, "what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; follow me;" and immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom, which, as I before stated, was connected with the sitting-room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. I have already said that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing but by the way of the apartment through which the figure had certainly passed, and as certainly never had returned. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the young officers when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly unattended. Wynyard's mind had received an impression at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure whom he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbrooke still persevered in believing that some delusion had been practised.

They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment, and they gradually persuaded each other that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow-officers, though they could neither account for the reason nor suspect the author, nor conceive the means of the execution; they were content to imagine anything possible rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to his brother, whose apparition he had either seen or imagined himself to have seen; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his brother's health, at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circumstances, which he had in vain determined to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad than the deathly of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment; there were few who did not inquire for Wynyard's letters before they made any demand for their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from their friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received; for they had all departed from England previous to the appearance of the spirit.

At length the long-wished-for vessel arrived; all the officers had letters except Wynyard; still the secret was unexplained. They examined several newspapers; they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family that could account for this preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbrooke still unopened; the officers had received their letters in the messroom, at the hour of supper. After Sherbrooke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at the climax; the impatience for the return of Sherbrooke was insupportable; they doubted not that that letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbrooke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject.

His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered and oppressed him; he drew near the fireplace, and leaning his head on the mantelpiece, after a pause of some moments said, in a low voice, to the person who was nearest him:

"Wynyard's brother is no more!"

The first line of Sherbrooke's was:

"Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favorite brother." He had died on the day and at the very hour on which the friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment.

It might have been imagined that these events would have been sufficient to impress the mind of Sherbrooke with the conviction of their truth; but so strong was his prepossession against the existence, or even the possibility of any preternatural intercourse with the souls of the dead, that he still entertained a doubt of the report of his senses, supported as their testimony was by the coincidence of vision and event. Some years after, on his return to England, he was walking with two gentlemen in Piccadilly, when, on the opposite side of the way, he saw a person bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself; his companions were acquainted with the story, and he instantly directed their attention to the gentleman opposite, as the individual who had contrived to enter and depart from Wynyard's apartment without their being conscious of the means.

Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman; he now fully expected to elucidate the mystery. He apologized for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend; he had never been out of the country, but was the twin-brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

The reader of the above story is left in the difficult dilemma of either admitting the certainty of the facts, or doubting the veracity of those whose word it was impossible for a moment to suspect. Sir John Sherbrooke and General Wynyard, two gentlemen of distinguished honor and veracity, either agreed to circulate an infamous falsehood, which falsehood was proved by the event to be prophetic, or they were together present at the spiritual appearance of General Wynyard's brother.

"THE SPIRIT OF '76."—The lad—for he was but a stripling, though he had seen hard service—lay stretched out on the seat of the car. Another lad, of less than twenty summers, with his arm in a sling, came and took a seat behind him, gazing upon him with mournful interest. Looking up to me, for I was accompanying the sick boy to his home, he asked:

"Is he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Of what regiment?"

"The 13th Illinois cavalry. Are you a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Where do you belong?"

"In the 105th regiment of Illinois volunteers."

"The 105th regiment! That sounds well. Illinois is doing nobly."

"I did belong to the 11th Illinois Infantry."

"Then how came you in the 105th?"

"I was wounded at the battle of Fort Donelson, so that I was pronounced unfit for service and discharged. But I recovered from my wound, and when they commenced raising this regiment in my neighborhood, I again enlisted."

Hitherto the sick boy had been perfectly still. Now he slowly turned over, looked up with glistering eyes, stretched forth his hand with the slow movement of a sick man to the top of the seat, and without saying a word, eagerly grasped the hand of the new recruit. The patriotic that glowed in those wan features, and prompted those slow, tremulous movements, like electricity, ran through every heart. The twice-enlisted youth, as soon as he saw his intention, delighted at the appreciation and reflection of his own spirit, grasped the outstretched hand, exclaiming, "Bully for you!"

Words cannot describe the effect upon the passengers, as they saw those hands clasped in token of mutual esteem for love of country; a mutual pledge that each was ready to give his life, his all, for that country, they felt that the spirit of '76 still survived.

TOUCHING DEVOTION TO THE FLAG.—H. Alexander, the Color Bearer of the 10th New York regiment, deserves to be placed high upon the roll of our heroes. He received three terrible wounds in a recent engagement, but clung to his colors with tenacious grasp. While being taken into the hospital he became insensible, and an attempt was made to take the flag away; but his unconscious hand held it more powerfully; even then his ruling passion was strong. Such men in life and death are glorious examples.

SILENCE OF SIGNAL.—There is nothing more striking in the region of Mount Sinai, than the death-like silence which prevails there. The trickling of brooks, the fall of waters, the waving of trees, the hum of voices and insects are unknown. From the highest point of Ras Sasaah to the lowest peak, a distance of about 600 feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, is perfectly audible. Mysterious noises are sometimes heard, but they are supposed to proceed from the rush of sand down the mountain side—and here playing the same part as the waters and snows of the North.

ANIMAL LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.—Except the crow, the lark, and the gray quail, there is not a single animal, bird, fish, or reptile, indigenous to the Tasmanian and Australian colonies, that displays the least similarity to those of Europe. It is very remarkable that neither in Tasmania nor in Australia does there exist a quadruped of a character dangerous to mankind. Consequently the bush traveller bivouacs in any and every locality, and sleeps and wakes in perfect security.

POMPEIIAN WINDOW-GLASS, of which panes have been discovered as large as 20 by 28 inches, has proved, on examination, to have been cast in a manner similar to that now followed in making plate-glass, except that it was not rolled flat, as now, by metal cylinders, but pressed out with a wooden pallet, so that its thickness is not uniform. The chemical composition of Pompeian and of modern window-glass is shown to be wonderfully alike—indeed, really identical.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The Hot-entots stand heat better than Cool-ies.

NINA.

Ah! memory, why are you shaking
My wildest emotions to-night?
Could I not bear the simple awaking,
When she came for a moment in sight?
Did I love her so deeply and dearly
That my pulses should flutter and start?
Did I love her so much that I nearly
Had silenced the blood in my heart?

We met where the gaslight was falling
With a rich and earnest glow,
Where the harp and horn were calling
To the dancers down below.
We met for a moment swinging
Through the midst of the crowded dance:
Like the flash of a meteor, bringing
My whole life back in a glance.

I began on my life-essay reading
When Nina was only a girl;
When I sat on the porch steps pleading
For a single dark-brown curl;
How fondly I kissed and enfolded
The trophy I carried away,
And how little Nina was scolded
By her mother the following day.

And then I remembered the meeting
So balanced with pleasure and pain,
When we mourned for the hours that fleeting
Must part us for months once again.
For Nina was "being re-finished"
At a school of a great renown,
Her "nature" was gently diminished,
And her heart, it was getting "toned down."

Ah! I remember the strolling
The very last night that we met,
The church bells were solemnly tolling—
The sound I shall never forget;
We had started for church with her mother,
Who, oddly, got lost in the throng,
So we—got lost in another,
And carelessly wandered along.

It is strange how we find without seeking
The streets that to darkness incline;
It was strange how, when Nina was speaking,
Her hand would lie softly in mine;
So we wandered along till the ringing
Of church bells had ceased on the air,
And we wondered our walk should be bringing
Us straight into Washington Square.

Then we sat where the breezes were blowing
Through the maples a summer-night tune;
Where the trill of the fountain flowing
Sang songs to the cream-white moon;
Our shadows were constantly moving,
Now forward, now that way, now this—
Her shadow was softly reproving,
My shadow was stealing a kiss.

We wished for the night to be longer,
For room to redouble our bliss,
And then, that the bond might be stronger,
We sealed each new vow with a kiss.
But I fear when we ended our vowing,
And returned to the spot where we came,
That mamma, my excuses allowing,
Must have thought them most shockingly tame.

It is eight long years since that meeting,
And Nina is now twenty-three,
The world has united in greeting
Her belle of a rare degree;
She is "finished" and up for inspection,
Her "nature" diminished complete;
Her heart is so "toned down" that affection
Never quickens its pulses a beat.

She writes and converses in Latin,
Is "posted" a little on Greek;
Of laces, of silks, and of satin
Is competent fully to speak.
Another slight fact—*nota bene*—
Her voice would the syrens allure,
It is likened to Picoomini,
The Italian is faultlessly pure.

Ah! me for the days of my fancying
Ere Nina was "finished" a belle,
Before she was "up" in her dancing,
And understood flirting so well.
The Nina that swung in the Lancers
Is never the Nina of then,
She is simply one of the dancers,
And I—am one of the men.

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MY WIFE! MY WIFE! WHAT WIFE? I HAVE NO WIFE.

THE Golden Lion had reassumed its accustomed air of rustic tranquillity when John Mellish returned to it. The jurymen had gone back to their different avocations, glad to have finished the business so easily; the villagers who had hung about the inn to hear what they could of the proceedings were all dispersed; the landlord was eating his dinner, with his wife and family, in the comfortable little bar-parlor. He put down his knife and fork as John entered the sanded bar, and left his meal to receive such a distinguished visitor.

"Mr. Hayward and Mr. Lofthouse are in the coffee-room, sir," he said. "Will you please to step this way?"

He opened the door of a carpeted room, furnished with shining mahogany tables, and adorned by half-a-dozen gaudily-colored prints of the Doncaster meetings, the great match between Voltigeur and Flying Dutchman, and other events which had won celebrity for the northern racecourse. The coroner was sitting at the bottom of one of the long tables, with Mr. Lofthouse standing near him. William Dork, the Meslingham conable, stood near the door, with his hat in his hand, and with rather an alarmed expression dimly visible in his ruddy face. Mr. Hayward and Mr. Lofthouse were both very pale.

One rapid glance was enough to show all this to John Mellish—enough to show him this and something more: a basin of blood-stained water before the coroner, and an oblong piece of wet paper, which lay under Mr. Hayward's clenched hand.

"What is the matter? Why did you send for me?" John asked. Bewildered and alarmed as he had been by the message which had summoned him hurriedly back to the inn, he was still more so by the confusion evident in the coroner's manner as he answered this question.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Mellish," he said. "I—I—sent for you—at—the—advice of Mr. Lofthouse, who—who, as a clergyman and a family man, thought it incumbent upon me—"

Reginald Lofthouse laid his hand upon the coroner's arm with a warning gesture. Mr. Hayward stopped for a moment, cleared his throat, and then continued speaking, but in an altered tone.

"I have had occasion to reprehend William Dork for a breach of duty, which, though I am aware it may have been, as he says, purely unintentional and accidental—"

"It was indeed, sir," muttered the constable submissively. "If I'd ha' know'd—"

"The fact is, Mr. Mellish, that on the night of the murder, Dork, in examining the clothes of the deceased, discovered a paper, which had been concealed by the unhappy man between the outer material and the lining of his waistcoat. This paper was so stained by the blood, in which the breast of the waistcoat was absolutely saturated, that Dork was unable to decipher a word of its contents. He therefore was quite unaware of the importance of the paper; and, in the hurry and confusion consequent on the very hard duty he has done for the last two days, he forgot to produce it at the inquest. He had occasion to make some memorandum in his pocketbook almost immediately after the verdict had been given, and this circumstance recalled to his mind the existence of the paper. He came immediately to me, and consulted me upon this very awkward business. I examined the document, washed away a considerable portion of the stains which had rendered it illegible, and have contrived to decipher the greater part of it."

"The document is of some importance, then?" asked John. He sat at a little distance from the table, with his head bent and his fingers rattling nervously against the side of his chair. He chafed horribly at the coroner's pompous slowness. He suffered an agony of fear and bewilderment. Why had they called him back? What was this paper? How could it concern him?

"Yes," Mr. Hayward answered; "the document is certainly an important one. I have shown it to Mr. Lofthouse for the purpose of taking his advice upon the subject. I have not shown it to Dork; but I detained Dork in order that you may hear from him how and where the paper was found, and why it was not produced at the inquest?"

"Why should I ask any questions upon the subject?" cried John, lifting his head suddenly, and looking from the coroner to the clergyman. "How should this paper concern me?"

"I regret to say that it does concern you very materially, Mr. Mellish," the rector answered, gently.

John's angry spirit revolted against that gentleness. What right had they to speak to him like this? Why did they look at him with those grave pitying faces? Why did they drop their voices to that horrible tone in which the bearers of evil tidings pave their way to the announcement of some overwhelming calamity?

"Let me see this paper, then, if it concerns me," John said, very carelessly.

"Oh, my God!" he thought, "what is this misery that is coming upon me? What is this hideous avalanche of trouble which is slowly descending to crush me?"

"You do not wish to hear anything from Dork?" asked the coroner.

"No, no!" cried John, savagely. "I only want to see that paper."

He pointed as he spoke to the wet and blood-stained document under Mr. Hayward's hand.

"You may go, then, Dork," the coroner said, quietly; "and be sure you do not mention this business to any one. It is a matter of purely private interest, and has no reference to the murder. You will remember?"

"Yes, sir."

The constable bowed respectfully to the three gentlemen, and left the room. He was very glad to be so well out of the business.

"They needn't have called me," he thought (to call, in the northern patois, is to scold, to abuse). "They needn't have said it was reprimand's its name—to keep the paper I might have burnt it if I'd liked, and said naught about it."

"Now," said John, rising and walking to the table as the door closed upon the constable, "now, then, Mr. Hayward, let me see this paper. If it concerns me, or any one connected with me, I have a right to see it."

"A right which I will not dispute," the coroner answered, gravely, as he handed the blood-stained document to Mr. Mellish. "I only beg you to believe in my heartfelt sympathy with you in this—"

"Let me alone!" cried John, waving the speaker away from him, as he snatched the paper from his hand; "let me alone! Can't you see that I'm nearly mad?"

He walked to the window, and with his back to the coroner and Mr. Lofthouse, examined the blotched and blotted document in his hands. He stared for a long time at those blurred and half-illegible lines before he became aware of their full meaning. But at last, at last, the significance of that miserable paper grew clear to him, and with a loud cry of anguish he dropped into the chair from which he had risen, and covered his face with his strong right hand. He held the paper in the left, crumpled and crushed by the convulsive pressure of his grasp.

"My God!" he ejaculated, after that first cry of anguish—"my God! I never thought of this. I never could have imagined this."

Neither the coroner nor the clergyman spoke. What could they say to him? Sympathetic words could have no power to lessen such a grief as this; they would only fret and harass the strong man in his agony; it was better to obey him—it was far better to let him alone.

He rose at last, after a silence that seemed long to the spectators of his grief.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud, resolute voice that resounded through the little room, "I give you my solemn word of honor that when Archibald Floyd's daughter married me, she believed this man, James Conyers, to be dead."

He struck his clenched fist upon the table, and looked with proud defiance at the two men. Then, with his left hand, the hand that grasped the blood-stained paper, thrust into his breast, he walked out of the room. He walked out of the room and out of the house, but not homewards. A grassy lane, opposite the Golden Lion, led away to a great waste of brown turf, called Harper's Common. John Mellish walked slowly along this lane, and out upon the quiet common land, lonely even in the broad summer daylight. As he closed the five-barred gate at the end of the lane, and emerged upon the open waste, he seemed to shut the door of the world that lay behind him, and to stand alone with his great grief, under the low, sunless, summer sky. The dreary scene before him, and the gray atmosphere above his head, seemed in strange harmony with his grief. The reedy water-pools, unbroken by a ripple; the barren verdure, burnt a dull grayish brown by the summer sun; the bloomless heather, and the flowerless rushes—all things upon which he looked took a dismal coloring from his own desolation, and seemed to make him the more desolate.

The spoiled child of fortune—the popular young squire, who had never been contradicted in nearly two-and-thirty years—the happy husband, whose pride in his wife had touched upon that narrow boundary line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous—ah! whether had they fled, all these shadows of the happy days that were gone? They had vanished away; they had fallen into the black gulf of the cruel past. The monster who devours his children had taken back these happy ones, and a desolate man was left in their stead. A desolate man, who looked at a broad ditch and a rushy bank, a few

paces from where he stood, and thought, "Was it I who leapt that dike a month ago to gather forget-me-nots for my wife?"

He asked himself that question, reader, which we must all ask ourselves sometimes. Was he really that creature of the irrecoverable past? Even as I write this I can see that common land of which I write. The low sky, the sunburnt grass, the reedy water-pools, the flat landscape stretching far away on every side to regions that are strange to me. I can recall every object in that simple scene—the atmosphere of the sunless day, the sounds in the soft summer air, the voices of the people near me; I can recall everything except—myself. This miserable *ego* is the one thing I cannot bring back; the one thing that seems strange to me; the one thing that I can scarcely believe in. If I went back to that northern common-land to-morrow, I should recognize every hillock, every scrap of furze or patch of heather. The few years that have gone by since I saw it will have made a scarcely perceptible difference in the features of the familiar place. The slow changes of nature, immutable in her harmonious law, will have done their work according to that unalterable law; but this wretched me has undergone so complete a change, that if you could bring me back that *alter ego* of the past, I should be unable to recognize the strange creature; and yet it is by no volcanic shocks, no rending asunder of rocky masses, no great convulsions or terrific agonies of nature, that the change has come about; it is rather by a slow, monotonous wearing away of salient points, an imperceptible adulteration of this or that constituent part, an addition here and a subtraction there, that the transformation takes place. It is hard to make a man believe in the physiologists who declare that the hand which uses his pen to-day is not the same that guided the quill with which he wrote seven years ago. He finds it very difficult to believe this; but let him take out of some forgotten writing-desk, thrust into a corner of his lumber-room, those letters which he wrote seven years ago, and which were afterward returned to him by the lady to whom they were addressed, and the question which he will ask himself, as he reads the faded lines, will most surely be, "Was it I who wrote this bosh? Was it I who called a lady with white eyelashes 'the guiding star of a lonely life?' Was it I who was inexpressibly miserable with one s, and looked 'forward with unutterable anxiety to the party in Onslow Square, at which I once more should look into those soft blue eyes?' What party in Onslow Square? *Non mi ricordo*. 'Those soft blue eyes' were garnished with white lashes, and the lady to whom the letters were written jilted me to marry a rich soapboiler."

Even the law takes cognizance of this wonderful transformation. The debt which Smith contracts in 1850 is null and void in 1857. The Smith of '50 may have been an extravagant rogue; the Smith of '57 may be a conscientious man, who would not cheat his creditors of a farthing. Shall Smith the second be called upon to pay the debts of Smith the first. I leave that question to Smith's conscience and the metaphysicians. Surely the same law should hold good in breach of promise of marriage. Smith the first may have adored Miss Brown; Smith the second may detest her. Shall Smith of 1857 be called upon to perform the contract entered into by that other Smith of 1850?

The French criminal law goes still further. The murderer whose crime remains unsuspected for ten years can laugh at the police officers who discover his guilt in the eleventh. Surely this must be because the real murderer is no longer amenable to justice; because the hand that struck the blow, and the brain that plotted the deed, are alike extinct.

Poor John Mellish, with the world of the past crumbled at his feet, looked out at the blank future, and mourned for the people who were dead and gone.

He flung himself at full length upon the stunted grass, and taking the crumpled paper from his breast, unfolded it and smoothed it out before him.

It was a certificate of marriage. The certificate of a marriage which had been solemnized at the parish-church of Dover, upon the 2d of July, 1856, between James Conyers, bachelor, rough-rider, of London, son of Joseph Conyers, stage-coachman, and Susan, his wife, and Aurora Floyd, spinster, daughter of Archibald Floyd, banker, of Felden Woods, Kent.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

AN Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller he stopped him with—

"Your money or your life?"
Seeing Pat was green, he said:
"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed."
Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.
"Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat, "never a drop of powder there's in it."

OLD Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last 15 years by merely knitting new feet to them every winter, and legs every other winter.

ON MISS ANNA BREAD.

While belles their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any but her.

ADAM was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another, he drily remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing.

"MR. SMITH, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments." Smith (who wasn't the least frightened)—"Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

"THIS snowstorm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. B., during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of!"

"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!"—We have at last found out the origin of this popular phrase. A friend of ours who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked, "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you ill; what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlid, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapt in the embrace of the rosy god, and said, triumphantly, "That's what's the matter!"

SEVERAL years ago, and soon after the "Anti-Licence Law" went into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveller stopped at the hotel and asked for a glass of brandy.

"Don't keep it," said the landlord; "forbidden by the law to sell liquor of any kind."

"The deuce you are," retorted the stranger, incredulously.

"Such is the fact," replied the host; "the house don't keep it."

"Then bring your own bottle," said the traveller, with decision; "you needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water."

The landlord laughed heartily, and brought his private bottle.

AN amazon out West, in describing her runaway husband, says: "Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose, where I scratched him."

AN ingenuous youth from the Granite State, now residing at Denver, returned to his lodgings a few nights since in a state of great independence and erectness.

"My friend," asked his wondering companion and room-mate, "are you drunk or sober?"

"Well," replied the youth, with the peculiar dignified and oracular manner which only an intoxicated person can assume, "for Pike's Peak sober; but for New Hampshire, pretty drunk."



KILLING'S CAVE, ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR SHARPSBURG, THE PLACE OF REFUGE OF MANY CITIZENS DURING THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. S. SCHILL.

SCENES IN SHARPSBURG DURING THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

A GLANCE at the map of the battle of Antietam we published last week will enable our readers to perceive how terribly exposed the little town of Sharpsburg was during that terrible conflict, situated as it was almost between two fires, for however anxious our Federal Generals might be to spare the town, it was fin-

possible to prevent many of the shot and shell from falling into its midst. Mr. Schell's sketches, which we present on pages 72 and 73, will give a lively idea of the horrors of war. One of those who took refuge in the cellar of the Kretzer mansion describes the scene as most appalling, and when our Artist visited it on the Saturday, he was struck with the romantic horror of the situation, which partook more of a page in one of James's romances than of the commonplace annals of the 19th century. Here, in this cellar, were congregated men, women and children, all spellbound as they listened to the terrible thunders of the battle. They could tell, by the

whiz and the awful explosions every now and then, how near to them was the work of destruction; and their terror rose to perfect agony when one shell exploded before one of the openings which gave them a dim light, and was the chief means of ventilation of this chamber of horrors. By degrees the firing grew fainter, and at last they had the inexpressible satisfaction to realize that they were saved for the present. Of a similar character is the sketch we reproduce of the cave of refuge near Sharpsburg, and situated on the banks of the Potomac, where another miserable group sought shelter during this "fire of hell."



REBEL CAVALRY DRIVING SCARPOHNS AND SCOUTS BACK TO THEIR BUTT AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. S. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 70.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF SHARPSBURG TAKING REFUGE IN THE CELLAR OF THE KREITZER MANSION IN THAT TOWN, DURING THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—BURSTING OF A SHELL IN THE WINDOW OF THE CELLAR.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHMIDT.



MORNING.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

[We take pleasure in presenting another poetical effusion from a correspondent whose previous contributions have received a flattering exequatur from an appreciative press.—Ed.]

Oh! such a happy consciousness,
So rapturously new,
Floods with a golden atmosphere,
My glad soul through and through.

A feeling "like the sense of wings,"
That musically play,
While thrilled with answering harmonies,
My heart-beats ebb away.

The white gates of the morning,
With pearl and azure bars,
Ope softly on broad fields of blue,
Where fade the last large stars.

The young moon stilly coming,
Upon the hill top stands,
To watch in loving silence
The misty valley lands.

They lie like peerless maiden,
In sleep's abandon fair,
Her white arms are the river bends,
The woods, her floating hair.

The brooks are shining ribbons,
Across her bosom laced,
And the foam falls her silver comb
In careless sleep displaced.

Sweet sleeper! as morn gazeth
The conscious eyes unclose,
And bosom white and forehead
Are flushed with reddest rose.

A mist of falling kisses,
The dewy lips keep dumb,
With sweet responsive fervor,
Earth knows the Day is come.

Dear Father! throned in glory,
Not seraph gaze may bear,
How bright must be the Temple
Whose portals shine so fair.

How deep their adoration
Whose steps approach to thine,
Since distant and still doubting,
Such praiseful heart is mine.

My Father! make it morning
For ever in my heart,
Night only when Thou art not,
And morn but when Thou art.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XVII.—HOME TRUTHS FOR LIONEL.

LIONEL VERNER grew better. His naturally good constitution triumphed over the disease, and his sick soreness of mind lost somewhat of its sharpness. So long as he brooded in silence over his pain and his wrongs, there was little chance of the sting becoming much lighter; it was like the vulture preying upon its own vitals; but that season of silence was past. When once a deep grief can be spoken of its great agony is gone. I think there is an old saying, or a proverb—"Griefs lose themselves in telling," and a greater truism was never uttered. The ice once broken, touching his feelings with regard to Sibylla, Lionel found comfort in making it his theme of conversation, of complaint, although his hearer and confidant was only Lucy Tempest. A strange comfort, but yet a natural one; as those who have suffered as Lionel did may be able to testify. At the time of the blow, when Sibylla deserted him with coolness so great, Lionel could have died, rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning-point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love such as his cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was growing less intense. In a case like this, of faithlessness, let it happen to man or to woman, the wounding of the self-esteem is not the least evil that must be borne. Lucy Tempest was, in Lionel's estimation, little more than a child, yet it was singular how he grew to love to talk with her. Not for love of her—do not fancy that—but for the opportunity it gave him of talking of Sibylla. You may deem this an anomaly; I know that it was natural; and, like oil poured upon a wound, so did it bring balm to Lionel's troubled spirit.

He never spoke of her save at the dusk hour. During the broad, garish light of day, his lips were sealed. In the soft twilight of the evening, if it happened that Lucy was alone with him, then he would pour out his heart, would tell of his past tribulation. As past, he spoke of it; had he not regarded it as past, he never would have spoken.

Lucy listened, mostly in silence, returning him her earnest sympathy. Had Lucy Tempest been a little older in ideas, or had she been by nature and rearing less entirely single-minded, she might not have sat unrestrainedly with him, going into the room at any moment, and stopping there, as she would had he been her brother. Lucy was getting to covet the companionship of Lionel very much—too much, taking all things into consideration. It never occurred to her that, for that very reason, she might do well to keep away from it. She was not sufficiently experienced to define her own sensations; and she did not surmise there was anything inexpedient or not perfectly orthodox in her being so much with Lionel. She liked to be with him, and she freely indulged the liking upon any occasion that offered.

"Oh, Lucy, I loved her! I did love her!" he would say, having repeated the same words perhaps 50 times before in other interviews; and he would lean back in his easy chair and cover his eyes with his hand, as if willing to shut out all sight save that of the past. "Heaven knows what she was to me! Heaven only knows what her faithlessness has cost!"

"Did you dream of her last night, Lionel?" answered Lucy, from her low seat where she generally sat, near to Lionel, but with her face mostly turned from him.

And it may as well be mentioned that Miss Lucy never thought such a thing as discouraging Lionel's love and remembrance of Sibylla. Her whole business in the matter seemed to be to listen to him and help him to remember her.

"Ay," said Lionel, in answer to the question. "Do you suppose I should dream of anything else?"

Whatever Lucy may or may not have supposed, it was a positive fact, known well to Lionel—known to him and remembered by him to this day—that he constantly dreamt of Sibylla. Night after night, since the unhappy time when he learnt that she had left him for Frederick Massingbird, had she formed the prominent subject of his

dreams. It is the strict truth; and it will prove to you how powerful a hold she must have possessed over his imagination. This he had not failed to make an item in his revelations to Lucy.

"What was your dream last night, Lionel?"

"It was only a confused one; or seemed to be when I awoke. It was full of trouble. Sibylla appeared to have done something wrong, and I was defending her, and she was angry with me for it. Unusually confused it was. Generally my dreams are too clear and vivid."

"I wonder how long you will dream of her, Lionel? For a year, do you think?"

"I hope not," heartily responded Lionel. "Lucy, I wish I could forget her!"

"I wish you could—if you do wish to do it," simply replied Lucy.

"Wish! I wish I could have swallowed a draught of old Lethe's stream last February, and never recalled her again!" He spoke vehemently; and yet there was a little under-current of suppressed consciousness down deep in his heart, whispering that his greatest solace was to remember her, and to talk of her as he was doing now. To talk of her as he would to his own soul; and that he had now learned to do with Lucy Tempest. Not to any one else in the whole world could Lionel have breathed the name of Sibylla.

"Do you suppose she will soon be coming home?" asked Lucy, after a silence.

"Of course she will. The news of his inheritance went out shortly after they started, and must have got to Melbourne nearly as soon as they did. There's little doubt they are on their road home now. Massingbird would not care to stop to look after what was left by John, when he knows himself to be the owner of Verner's Pride."

"I wish Verner's Pride had not been left to Frederick Massingbird!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Frankly speaking, so do I," confessed Lionel. "It ought to be mine by all good right. And, putting myself entirely out of consideration, I judge Frederick Massingbird unworthy to be its master. That's between ourselves, mind, Lucy."

"It is all between ourselves," returned Lucy.

"Ay. What should I have done without you, my dear little friend?"

"I am glad you have not had to do without me," simply answered Lucy. "I hope you will let me be your friend always!"

"That I will. Now Sibylla's gone, there's nobody in the whole world I care for, but you."

He spoke it without any double meaning; he might have used the same words, been actuated by precisely the same feelings, to his mother or sister. His all-absorbing love for Sibylla barred even the idea of any other love to his mind, yet awhile.

"Lionel!" cried Lucy, turning her face full upon him in her earnestness, "how could she choose Frederick Massingbird when you had chosen her?"

"Tastes differ," said Lionel, speaking lightly, a thing he rarely did when with Lucy. "There's no accounting for them. Some time or other, Lucy, you may be marrying an ugly fellow with a wooden leg and red beard; and people will say, 'How could Lucy Tempest have chosen him?'"

Lucy colored. "I do not like you to speak in that joking way, if you please," she gravely said.

"Heigho, Lucy!" sighed he. "Sometimes I fancy a joke may cheat me out of a minute's care. I wish I was well and away from this place. In London I shall have my hands full, and can rub off the rust of old grievances with hard work."

"You will not like London better than Deerham."

"I shall like it ten thousand times better," impulsively answered Lionel. "I have no longer a place in Deerham, Lucy. That is gone."

"You allude to Verner's Pride?"

"Everything's gone that I valued in Deerham," cried Lionel, with the same impulse—"Verner's Pride amongst the rest. I would never stop here to see the rule of Fred Massingbird. Better that John had lived to take it, than that it had come to him."

"Was John better than his brother?"

"He would have made a better master. He was, I believe, a better man. Not but that John had his faults, as we all have."

"All!" echoed Lucy. "What are your faults?"

Lionel could not help laughing. She asked the question, as she did all her questions, in the most genuine, earnest manner; really seeking the information.

"I think for some time back, Lucy, my chief fault has been grumbling. I am sure you must find it so. Better days may be in store for us both."

Lucy rose. "I think it must be time for me to go and make Lady Verner's tea. Decima will not be home for it."

"Where is Decima this evening?"

"She is gone her round to the cottages. She does not find time for it in the day since you were ill. Is there anything I can do for you before I go down?"

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand. "You can let me thank you for your patience and kindness. You have borne with me bravely, Lucy. God bless you, my dear child."

She neither went away, nor drew her hand away. She stood there—as he had phrased it—patiently, until he should release it. He soon did so with a weary movement; all he did was wearisome to him then, save the thinking and talking of the theme which ought to have been a barred one—Sibylla.

"Will you please to come down to tea this evening?" asked Lucy.

"I don't care for tea; I'd rather be alone."

"Then I will bring you some up."

"No, no; you shall not be at the trouble. I'll come down, then, presently."

Lucy Tempest disappeared. Lionel leaned against the window, looking out on the night landscape, and lost himself in thoughts of his faithless love. He aroused himself from them with a stamp of impatience.

"I must shake it off," he cried to himself; "I will shake it off. None, save myself or a fool, but would have done it months ago. And yet, Heaven alone knows how I have tried and battled, and how vain the battle has been."

The cottages down Clay Lane were ill-drained. It might be nearer the truth to say they were not drained at all. As is the case with many another fine estate besides Verner's Pride, while the agricultural land was well drained, no expense spared upon it, the poor dwellings had been neglected. Not only in the matter of draining, but in other respects, were these habitation deficient; but that strong terms are apt to grate unpleasantly upon the ear, one might say shamefully deficient. The consequence was, that no autumn ever went over, scarcely any spring, but somebody would be down with ague, with low fever; and it was reckoned a fortunate season if a good many were not down.

The first time that Lionel took a walk down Clay Lane after his illness was a fine day in October. He had been out before in other directions, but not down Clay Lane. He had not yet recovered his full strength; he looked ill and emaciated. Had he been strong as he used to be, he would not have found himself nearly losing his equilibrium, at being run violently against by a woman who turned swiftly out of her own door.

"Take care, Mrs. Grind! Is your house on fire?"

"It's begging a thousand pardons, sir! I hadn't no idea you was there," returned Mrs. Grind, in lamentable confusion, when she

saw whom she had all but knocked down. "Grind, he catches sight o' one o' the brick men going by, and he tells me to run and fetch him in; but I had got my hands in the soapuds and couldn't take 'em convenient out of it at the minute, and I was hasting lest he'd gone too far to be caught up. He have now."

"Is Grind better?"

"He ain't no worse, sir. There he is," she added, flinging the door open.

On the side of the kitchen opposite to the door was a pallet bed stretched against the wall, and on it lay the woman's husband, Grind, dressed. It was a small room, and it appeared literally full of children, of encumbrances of all sorts. A string extended from one side of the fireplace to the other, and on this hung some wet colored pinafores, the steam ascending from them in clouds, drawn out by the heat of the fire. The children were in various stages of undress, these colored pinafores doubtlessly constituting their sole outer garment. But that Grind's eye had caught his, Lionel might have hesitated to enter so uncomfortable a place. His natural kindness of heart, nay, his innate regard for the feelings of others, let them be ever so low in station, prevented his turning back when the man had seen him.

"Grind, don't move, don't get off the bed," Lionel said hastily. But Grind was already up. The ague fit was upon him then, and he shook the bed as he sat down upon it. His face wore that blue, pallid appearance which you may have seen in agueish patients.

"You don't seem much better, Grind."

"Thank ye, sir, I be baddish just now again, but I ain't worse on the whole," was the man's reply. A civil, quiet, hardworking man as any on the estate; nothing against him but his large flock of children, and his difficulty of getting along any way. The mouths to feed were many—ravenous young mouths, too, and the wife, though civil and well-meaning, was not the most thrifty in the world. She liked gossiping better than thrift; but gossip was the most prevalent complaint of Clay Lane, so far as its female population was concerned.

"How long is it that you have been ill?" asked Lionel, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, and looking down on Grind, Mrs. Grind having whisked away the pinafores.

"It's going along of four weeks, sir, now. It's a illness, sir, I takes it, as must have its course."

"All illnesses must have that, as I believe," said Lionel. "Mine has taken its own time pretty well, has it not?"

Grind shook his head.

"You don't look none the better for your bout, sir. And it's a long time you must have been a getting strong. Mr. Jan, he said, just a month ago, when he first came to see me, as you was well, so to say, then. Ah! it's only them as have tried it knows what the pulling through up to strength again is, when the illness itself seems gone."

Lionel's conscience was rather suggestive at that moment. He might have been stronger than he was by this time had he "pulled through" with a better will, and given away less. "I am sorry not to see you better, Grind," he kindly said.

"You see me at the worst, sir, to-day," said the man, in a tone of apology, as if seeking to excuse his own sickness. "I be getting better, and that's a thing to be thankful for. I only gets the fever once in three days now. Yesterday, sir, I got down to the field, and earned what'll come to eighteenpence. I did indeed, sir, though you'd not think it, looking at me to-day."

"I should not," said Lionel. "Do you mean to say you went to work in your present state?"

"I didn't seem a bit ill yesterday, sir, except for the weakness. The fever it keeps me down all one day, as may be to-day; then the morrow I be quite prostrate with the weakness it leaves; and the third day I be, so to speak, well. But I can't do a full day's work, sir; no, nor hardly half a one, and by evening I be so done over I can scarce crawl to my place here. It ain't much, sir, part of a day's work in three; but I be thankful for that improvement. A week ago I couldn't do as much as that."

More suggestive thoughts for Lionel.

"He'd a get better quicker, sir, if he could do his work regular," put in the woman. "What's one day's work out o' three—even if 'twas a full day's—to find us all victuals? In course he can't fare better nor we; and Peckaby's, they don't give much trust to us. He gets a pot o' gruel, or a saucer o' porridge, or a hunch o' bread with a mite o' cheese."

Lionel looked at the man. "You cannot eat plain bread now, can you, Grind?"

"All this day, sir, I shan't eat nothing; I couldn't swallow it," he answered. "After the fever and the shaking's gone, then I could eat, but not bread; it seems too dry for the throat, and it sticks in it. I get a dish o' tea, or something in that way. The next day—my well day, as I calls it—I can eat all afore me."

"You ought to have more strengthening food."

"It's not for us to say, sir, as we ought to have this here food, or that there food, unless we earns it," replied Grind, in a meek spirit of contented resignation that many a rich man might have taken a pattern from. "Mr. Jan, he says, 'Grind,' says he, 'you should have some meat to eat, and some good beef-tea, and a drop o' wine wouldn't do you no harm,' says he. And it makes me smile, sir, to think where the like o' poor folks is to get such things. Lucky to be able to get a bit o' bread and a drain o' tea without sugar, them as is off their work, just to rub on and keep themselves out o' the workhouse. I know I'm thankful to do it. Jim, he have got a place, sir."

"Jim, which is Jim?" asked Lionel, turning his eyes on the group of children, supposing one must be meant.

"He ain't here, sir," cried the woman. "It's the one with the black hair, and he was six years old yesterday. He's gone to farmer Johnson's, to take care o' the pigs in the field. He's to get a shilling a week."

Lionel moved from his position. "Grind," he said, "don't you think it would be better if you gave yourself complete rest, not attempting to go out to work until you are stronger?"

"I couldn't afford it, sir. And as to its being better for me, I don't see that. If I can work, sir, I'm better at work. I know it tires me, but I believe I get stronger the sooner for it. Mr. Jan, he says to me, says he, 'Don't lie by never, Grind, unless you be obliged to it; it only rusts the limbs.' And he ain't far out, sir. Folks gets more harm from idleness nor they do from work."

"Well, good day, Grind," said Lionel, "and I heartily hope you'll soon be on your legs again. Lady Verner shall send you something more nourishing than bread, while you are still suffering."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," replied Grind. "My humble duty to my lady."

Lionel went out. "What a lesson for me," he involuntarily exclaimed. "This poor, half-starved man, struggling patiently onward through his sickness, while I, who had every luxury about me, spent my time in repining. What a lesson! Heaven help me to take it to my heart."

He lifted his hat as he spoke, his feeling at the moment full of reverence, and went on to Frost's.

"Where's Robin?" he asked of the wife.

"He's in the back room, sir," was the answer. "He's getting better fast. The old father, he have gone out a bit, a warming of himself in the sun."

She opened the door of a small back room as she spoke. But it proved to be empty. Robin was discerned in a garden, sitting on a bench, possibly to give himself a warming in the sun—as Mrs. Frost expressed it. He sat in a still attitude; his arms folded, his head bowed. Since the miserable occurrence touching Rachel, Robin Frost was a fearfully changed man; never from the hour that the coroner's inquest was held, and certain evidence had come out, had he been seen to smile. He had now been ill with ague, like Grind. Hearing the approach of footsteps, he turned his head, and rose when he saw it was Lionel.

"Well, Robin, how fares it? You are better, I hear. Sit yourself down; you are not strong enough to stand. What an enemy this low fever is. I wish we could root it out."

"Many might be all the healthier for it, sir, if it could be done," was Robin's answer, spoken indifferently—as he nearly always spoke now. "As for me, I'm not far off being well again."

"They said in the village you were going to die, Robin, did they not?" continued Lionel. "You have cheated them, you see."

"They said it, some of 'em, sir, and thought it too. Old father thought it. I'm not sure but Mr. Jan thought it. I didn't, but as I was," continued Robin, in a significant tone. "I had my oath to keep."

"Robin!"

"Sir, I have sworn—and you know I have sworn it—to have my revenge upon him that worked ill to Rachel. I can't die till that oath has been kept."

"There's a certain sentence, Robin, given us for our guide, amid many other such sentences, which runs somewhat after this fashion: 'Vengeance is mine,' quietly spoke Lionel. "Have you forgotten who it is says that?"

"Why did he—the villain—forget them sentences? Why did he forget 'em and harm her?" retorted Robin. "Sir, it's of no good for you to look at me in that way. I'll never be baulked in this matter. Old father, now and again, he'll talk about forgiveness; and when I say 'weren't you her father?' 'Ay,' he'll answer, 'but I've got one foot in the grave, Robin, and anger will not bring her back to life.' 'No it won't,' doggedly went on Robin. "It won't undo what was done, neither; but I'll keep my oath—so far as it is in my power to keep it. Dead though he is, he shall be exposed to the world."

The words "dead though he is" aroused the attention of Lionel. "To whom do you allude, Robin?" he asked. "Have you obtained any fresh clue?"

"Not much of a fresh one," answered the man, with a stress upon the word "fresh." "I have had it this six or seven months. When they heard he was dead then they could speak out and tell me their suspicions of him."

"Who could? What mystery are you talking?" reiterated Lionel.

"Never mind who, sir. It was one that kept his mouth shut as long as there was any good in his opening it. 'Not to make ill-blood' was the excuse he gave me after. If I had but known at the time," added the man, clenching his fist, "I'd have went out and killed him if he had been double as far off!"

"Robin, what have you heard?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. But I have not opened my lips to a living soul, not even to old father. The villain that did the harm to Rachel was John Massingbird!"

Lionel remained silent from surprise.

"I don't believe it," he presently said, speaking emphatically. "Who has accused him?"

"Sir, I have said that I can't tell you. I passed my word not to do it. It was one that had cause to suspect him at the time. And he never told me—never told me—until John Massingbird was dead!"

Robin's voice rose to a sound of wailing pain, and he raised his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Did your informant know that it was John Massingbird?" Lionel gravely asked.

"He had not got what is called positive proof, such as might avail in a court of justice; but he was morally certain," replied Robin. "And so am I. I am only waiting for one thing, sir, to tell it out to all the world."

"And what's that?"

"The returning home of Luke Roy. There's not much doubt that he knows all about it; I have my reasons for saying so, and I'd like to be quite sure before I tell out the tale. Old Roy says Luke may be expected home by any ship as comes; he don't think he'll stop there, now John Massingbird's dead."

"Then, Robin, listen to me," returned Lionel. "I have no positive proof, any more than it appears your informant has; but I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that the guilty man was not John Massingbird. Understand me," he emphatically continued, "I have good and sufficient reason for saying this. Rely upon it, whoever it may have been, John Massingbird it was not."

Robin lifted his eyes to the face of Lionel.

"You say you don't know this, sir?"

"Not of actual proof. But so sure am I that it was not he, that I could stake all I possess upon it."

"Then, sir, you'd lose it," doggedly answered Robin. "When the time comes that I choose to speak out—"

"What are you doing there?" burst forth Lionel, in a severely haughty tone.

It caused Robin to start from his seat.

In a gap of the hedge behind them Lionel had caught sight of a human face, its stealthy ears complacently taking in every word. It was that of Roy the bailiff.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PACKET IN THE SHIRT-DRAWER.

MRS. TYNN, the housekeeper at Verner's Pride, was holding one of those periodical visitations that she was pleased to call, when in familiar colloquy with her female assistants, a "rout out." It appeared to consist of turning a room and its contents topsy-turvy, and then putting them straight again. The chamber this time subjected to the ordeal was that of her late master, Mr. Verner. His drawers, closets, and other places consecrated to clothes, had not been meddled with since his death. Mrs. Verner, in some moment unusually (for her) given to sentiment, had told Tynn she should like to "go over his dear clothes" herself. Therefore Tynn left them alone for that purpose. Mrs. Verner, however, who loved her personal ease better than any earthly thing, and was more given to dropping off to sleep in her chair than ever, not only after dinner but all day long, never yet had ventured upon the task. Tynn suggested that she had better do it herself after all; and Mrs. Verner replied perhaps she had. So Tynn set about it.

Look at Mrs. Tynn over that deep, open drawer full of shirts. She calls it "Master's shirt-drawer." Have the shirts scared away her senses? She has sat herself down on the floor—almost fallen back as it seems—in some shock of alarm, and her mottled face has turned as white as her master's was when she last saw him lying on that bed at her elbow.

"Go down-stairs, Nancy, and stop there till I call you up again," she suddenly cried out to her helpmate.

And the girl left the room.

Between two of the shirts, in the very middle of the stack, Mrs. Tynn had come upon a parcel, or letter. Not a small letter—if it was a letter—but one of very large size, thick, looking not unlike a

government dispatch. It was sealed with Mr. Verner's own seal, and addressed in his own handwriting—"For my nephew, Lionel Verner. To be opened after my death."

Mrs. Tynn entertained not the slightest doubt that she had come upon the lost codicil. That it—the parcel—must have been lying quietly in the drawer since her master's death was certain. The key of the drawer had remained in her own possession. When the search after the codicil took place this drawer was opened—as a matter of form more than anything else—and Mrs. Tynn herself had lifted out the stack of shirts. There was no need to do it, she had assured those who were searching, for the drawer had been locked up at the time the codicil was made, and the deed could not have been put into it. They accepted her assurance, and did not look between the shirts. It puzzled Mrs. Tynn now to think how it could have got in.

"I'll not tell Tynn," she soliloquised—she and Tynn being somewhat inclined to take opposite sides of a question in social intercourse—"and I'll not say a word to my mistress. I'll go straight off now and give it into the hands of Mr. Lionel. What a blessed thing if he should be come into his own!"

The enclosed paved court before Lady Verner's residence had a broad flowered round it. It was private from the outer world, save for the iron gates, and here Decima and Lucy Tempest were fond of lingering on a fine day. On this afternoon of Mary Tynn's discovery they were there with Lionel. Decima went in-doors for some string to tie up a fuchsia plant, just as she, Tynn, appeared at the iron gates. She stopped on seeing Lionel.

"I was going round to the other entrance, sir, to ask to speak to you," she said. "Something very strange has happened."

"Come in," answered Lionel. "Will you speak here, or go in-doors? What is it?"

Too excitedly eager to wait to go in-doors, or to care for the presence of Lucy Tempest, Mrs. Tynn told her tale, and handed this paper to Lionel. "It's the missing codicil, as sure as that we are here, sir."

He saw the official-looking nature of the document, its great seal, and the superscription in his uncle's handwriting. Lionel did not doubt that it was the codicil, and a streak of scarlet emotion arose to his pale cheek.

"You don't open it, sir!" said the woman, as feverishly impatient as if the good fortune were her own.

No. Lionel did not open it. In his high honor he deemed that, before opening, it should be laid before Mrs. Verner. It had been found in her house; it concerned her son. "I think it will be better that Mrs. Verner should open this, Tynn," he quietly said.

"You won't get me into a mess, sir, for bringing it out to you first?"

Lionel turned his honest eyes upon her, smiling then. "Can't you trust me better than that? You have known me long enough."

"So I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is, how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare that for a good week before my master died, up to the very day that the codicil was looked for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, nor the key of it out of my pocket."

She turned to go back to Verner's Pride, Lionel intending to follow her at once. He was going out at the gate when he caught the pleased eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed on him.

"I am so glad," she simply said. "Do you remember my telling you that you did not look like one who would have to starve on bread and cheese?"

Lionel laughed in the joy of his heart.

"I am glad also, Lucy. The place is mine by right, and it is just that I should have it."

"I have thought it very unfair, all along, that Verner's Pride should belong to her husband, and not to you, after—after what she did to you," continued Lucy, dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Things don't go by fairness, Lucy, in this world," cried he, and he went through the gate. "Stay," he said, turning back from it as a thought crossed his mind. "Lucy, oblige me by not mentioning this to my mother or Decima. It may be as well to be sure that we are right before exciting their hopes."

Lucy's countenance fell.

"I will not speak of it. But is it not sure to be the codicil?"

"I hope it is," cordially answered Lionel, as he finally walked away.

Mrs. Tynn had got back before him. She came forward and encountered him in the hall, her bonnet still on.

"I have told my mistress, sir, that I had found what I believed to be the codicil, and had took it off straight to you. She was not a bit angry; she says she hopes it is it."

Lionel entered. Mrs. Verner, who was in a semi-sleepy state, having been roused up by Mary Tynn from a long nap after a plentiful luncheon, received Lionel graciously. First of all asking him what he would take—it was generally her chief question—and then inquiring what the codicil said.

"I have not opened it," replied Lionel.

"No!" said she, in surprise. "Why did you wait?"

He laid it on the table beside her. "Have I your cordial approval to open it, Mrs. Verner?"

"You are ceremonious, Lionel. Open it at once. Verner's Pride belongs to you more than to Fred; and you know I have always said so."

Lionel took up the deed. His finger was upon the seal when a thought crossed him: ought he to open it without further witnesses? He spoke his doubt aloud to Mrs. Verner.

"Ring the bell and have in Tynn," said she. "His wife also: she found it."

Lionel rang. Tynn and his wife both came in, in obedience to the request. Tynn looked at it curiously: and began rehearsing mentally a private lecture for his wife, for acting upon her own responsibility.

The seal was broken. The stiff writing-paper of the outer cover revealed a second cover of stiff writing-paper precisely similar to the first, but on this last there was no superscription. It was tied round with fine white twine. Lionel cut it. Tynn and Mrs. Tynn waited with the utmost eagerness, even Mrs. Verner's eyes were opened wider than usual.

Alas for the hopes of Lionel! The parcel contained nothing but a glove and a small piece of writing-paper, folded once. Lionel unfolded it, and read the following lines:

"This glove has come into my possession. When I tell you that I know where it was found and how you lost it, you will not wonder at the shock the discovery has been to me. I rush it up, Lionel, for your late father's sake, as much as for that of the name of Verner. I am about to seal it up, that it may be given to you after my death; and you will then know why I disinherit you."

S. V.

Lionel gazed on the lines like one in a dream. They were in the handwriting of his uncle. Understand them, he could not. He took up the glove, a thick, fawn-colored riding-glove, and remembered it for one of his own. When he had lost it, or where he had lost it, he knew no more than did the table he was standing by. He had worn dozens of these gloves in the years gone by, up to the period when he had gone in mourning for John Massingbird, and, subsequently, for his uncle.

"What is it, Lionel?"

Lionel put the lines in his pocket and pushed the glove towards Mrs. Verner.

"I do not understand it in the least," he said. "My uncle ap-

pears to have found the glove somewhere, and he writes to say that he returns it to me. The chief matter that concerns us is," turning his eyes on the servants, "that it is not the codicil."

Mrs. Tynn lifted her hands.

"How one may be deceived!" she uttered. "Mr. Lionel, I'd freely have laid my life upon it."

"It was not exactly my place to speak, sir; to give my opinion beforehand," interposed Tynn, "but I was sure that was not the lost codicil, by the very look of it. The codicil might have been about that size, and it had a big seal like that; but it was different in appearance."

"All that puzzled me was, how it could have got into the shirt-drawer," cried Mrs. Tynn. "As it has turned out not to be the codicil, of course there's no mystery about that. It may have been lying there weeks and weeks before the master died."

Lionel signed to them to leave the room; there was nothing to call for their remaining in it. Mrs. Verner asked him what the glove meant.

"I assure you I do not know," was his reply.

And he took it up and examined it well again. One of his riding-gloves, scarcely worn, with a tear near the thumb; but there was nothing upon it, not so much as a trace, a spot, to afford any information. He rolled it up mechanically in the two papers, and placed them in his pocket, lost in thought.

"Do you know that I have heard from Australia?" asked Mrs. Verner.

The words aroused him thoroughly.

"Have you? I did not know it."

"I wonder Mary Tynn did not tell you. The letters came this morning. If you look about," turning her eyes on the tables and places, you "will find them somewhere."

Lionel knew that Mary Tynn had been too much absorbed in his business, to find room in her thoughts for letters from Australia.

"Are these the letters?" he asked, taking up two from a side table.

"You'll know them by the postmarks. Do sit down and read them to me, Lionel. My sight is not good for letters now, and I couldn't read half that was in them. The ink's as pale as water. If it was the ink Fred took out, the sea must have washed into it. Yes, yes, you must read both to me, and I shall not let you go away before dinner."

He did not like, in his goodnature, to refuse her. And he sat there and read the long letters. Read Sibylla's. Before the last one was fully accomplished, Lionel's cheeks wore their scarlet hectic.

They had made a very quick and excellent passage. But Sibylla found Melbourne hateful. And Fred was ill—ill with fever. A fever was raging in a part of the crowded town, and he had caught it. She did not think it was a catching fever either, she added; people said it arose from over-population. They could not as yet hear of John or his money, or anything about him; but Fred would see into it when he got better. They were at a part of Melbourne called Canvas Town, and she (Sibylla) was sick of it; and Fred drank heaps of brandy. If it were all land between her and home she should set off at once on foot, and toil her way back again. She wished she had never come; everything she cared for, except Fred, seemed to be left behind in England.

Such was her letter. Fred's was gloomy also, in a different way. He said nothing about any fever; he mentioned, casually as it appeared, that he was not well, but that was all. He had not learnt tidings of John, but had not had time to make inquiries. The worst piece of news he mentioned was the loss of his desk, which had contained the chief portion of his money. It had disappeared in a mysterious manner, immediately after being taken off the ship—he concluded by the light fingers of some crimp or thief, shoals of whom crowded on the quay. He was in hopes yet to find it, and had not told Sibylla. That was all he had to say at present, but would write again by the next packet.

"It is not very cheering news on the whole, is it?" said Mrs. Verner, as Lionel folded the letters.

"No. They had evidently not received the tidings of my uncle's death, or we should have heard they were already coming back again."

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Verner. "Fred worships money, and he would not suffer what was left by poor John to slip through his fingers. He will stay till he has realised it. I hope they will bring me back some memento of my lost boy. If it was only the handkerchief he used last, I should value it."

The tears filled her eyes. Lionel respected her grief, and remained silent. Presently she resumed, in a musing tone:

"I knew Sibylla would only prove an encumbrance to Fred, out there; and I told him so. If Fred thought he was taking out a wife who would make shift, and put up pleasantly with annoyances, he was mistaken. Sibylla in Canvas Town! Poor girl! I wonder she married him. Don't you?"

"Rather so," answered Lionel, his scarlet blush deepening.

"I do; especially to go to that place. Sibylla's a pretty flower to sport in the sunshine; but she never was constituted for a rough life, or to get pricked by thorns."

Lionel's heart beat. It echoed to every word. Would that she could have been sheltered from the thorns, the rough usages of life, as he would have sheltered her!

Lionel dined with Mrs. Verner, but quitted her soon afterwards. When he got back to Deerham Court the stars were peeping out in the clear summer sky. Lucy Tempest was lingering in the courtyard, no doubt waiting for him, and she ran to meet him as soon as he appeared at the gate.

"How long you have been!" was her greeting, her glad eyes shining forth hopefully. "And is it all yours?"

Lionel drew her arm within his own in silence, and walked with her in silence till they reached the pillared entrance of the house. Then he spoke.

"You have not mentioned it, Lucy?"

"Of course I have not."

"Thank you. Let us both forget it. It was not the codicil. And Verner's Pride is not mine."

(To be continued.)

A SHORT ANSWER.—One of the enrolling marshals, the other day, received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at the lady's house, he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a 20 per cent. abatement in the price of a peck of potatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?"

The reply was gruff and curt—"No."

"Have you no husband, madam?"

"No."

"Nor brothers?"

"No."

"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"

"Well, what of it?"

"I should like to know where he is."

"Well, he isn't here."

"So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"

"In the Union army, where you ought to be."

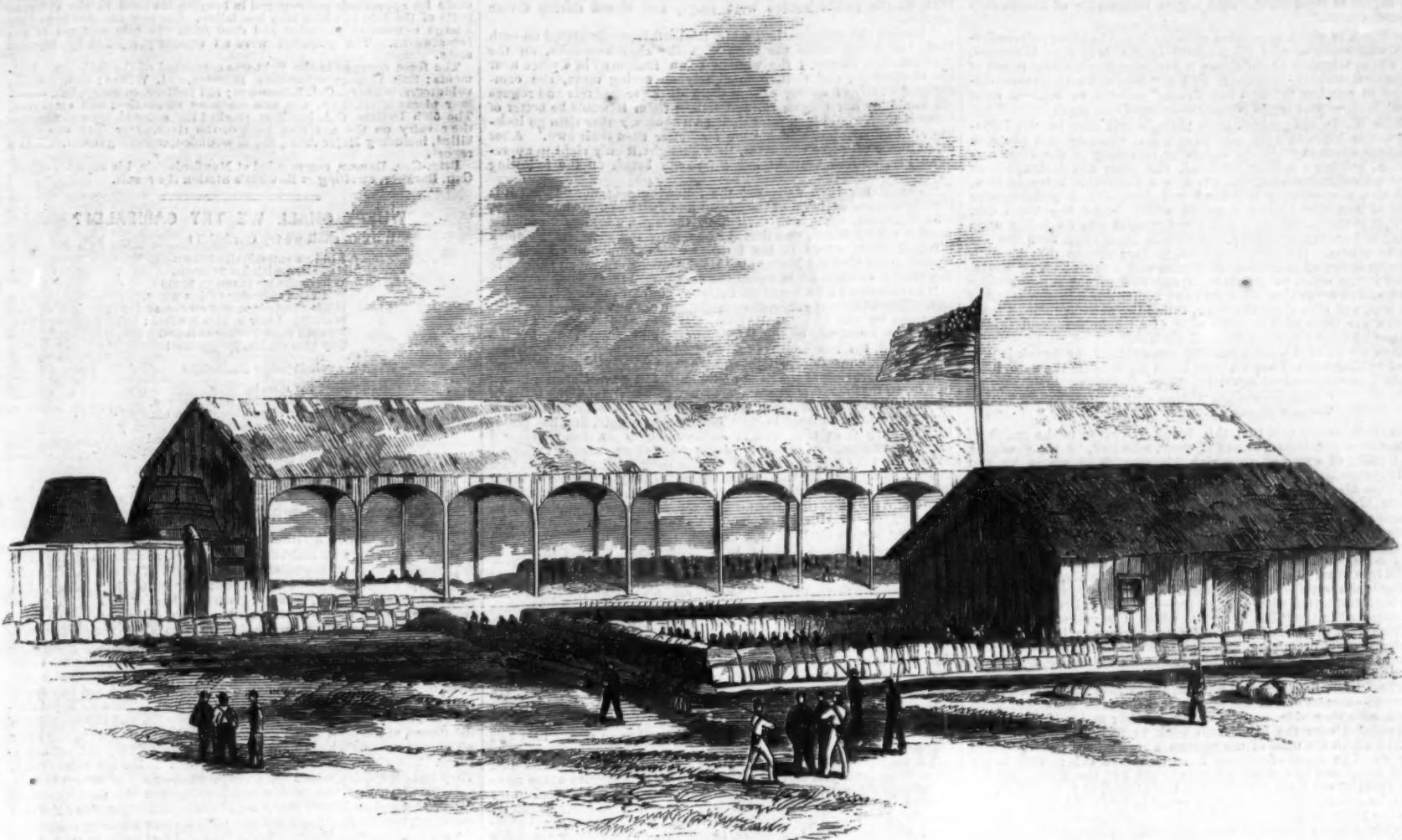
The marshal hastened round the corner. He didn't further in gate the lady.

To find out the number of children in the street, commence beating a brass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dogfight.

MRS. FANTADLING says, "If it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bride ceremony?"



THE BATTLE OF MURFESSBORO, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14--THE REBELS CHARGING THROUGH THE ABATIS IN FRONT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS NEAR GREEN RIVER.--FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERMAN LOVELL.



FORT MALBY, FOR THE DEFENCE OF TOOM'S STATION, TENN., ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD, CONSTRUCTED OF COTTON BALES BY THE 45TH REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

CHAPTERS ON SCOLDS, And How Our Forefathers Punished Them.

I.—HOW THEY PUT A BRIDLE ON THEIR TONGUE.

But for my daughter Julian,
I wold she were well bolted with a Bridle,
That leaves her work to play the clack,
And lets her wheel stand idle.
For it serves not shee-ministers,
Farriers nor Furriers,
Cobblers nor Button-makers,
To descant on the Bible.—Chaucer.

ONE of the most extraordinary instruments of punishment which man ever invented, even in his most barbarous days, was the "brank," or "scold's bridle," by which he sought to cure woman of that dear privilege of hers—which has been libellously termed an "hereditary complaint"—scolding; and as, most probably, only a few of our readers know that such a punishment was ever in use, I purpose saying a few words upon it, and to follow it up by other varieties of punishments now obsolete.

Our forefathers certainly were not very strongly imbued with gallantry, nor could they have had very strict notions of propriety, or they would never have subjected our foremothers to such degrading punishments as those I shall have to describe.

It is true that, from motives of delicacy (!), women in the early ages were either buried alive in pits, or drowned, in preference to hanging; but it is equally true that, for minor offences, the cucking-



HOW THE "BRIDLE" WAS PUT ON.

stool—whose truly ignominious origin I shall have to speak of in another chapter—the brank, the pillory and public whipping, with other degrading punishments, were inflicted without remorse, and with every shameful accompaniment which brutality and ribald licentiousness could invent. Such punishments never were and never could be deserved, and it is indeed well that the time for their infliction is past.

The "brank," or "scold's bridle," or "gossip's bridle," as this curious and painfully-ingenuous instrument has been variously called, was at one time in pretty general use throughout the kingdom and in Scotland. Indeed, it has been said by some authorities to have been of Scotch origin, and to have gradually worked its mischievous way "over the border," and so to have extended itself throughout England. Whichever country, however, may have had the honor (!) of inventing it, the use of the brank was general in, I believe, most, if not all the counties in England, and records of its use occur in many of the old corporation accounts.

The instruments themselves are scarce; but I have, after many years' research, succeeded in collecting together drawings and memorandums of about 30 examples which still exist. Some of these are still in the possession of the corporations to which they have originally belonged; others are in public museums; and others, again, are in my own and other private collections. Of course one does not suppose for a moment that these are all the specimens which exist at the present day; for, doubtless, there may be many others which, as yet, have not come under one's notice; of such I shall be thankful to receive memorandums and sketches.

The country in which most "bridles" occur is Cheshire, in which no less than 13 examples are still preserved, most of which have been engraved and described in the *Reliquary Quarterly Review* (vol. i., pages 65 to 75).

The brank consisted of a kind of crown, or framework, of iron,

which was locked upon the head; and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate, or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth, so as to prevent her moving her tongue; or it was so placed that if she did move it, or attempt to speak, it was cut in the most frightful manner.

With this cage upon her head, and with the gag firmly pressed



IRON "BRIDLE" FOR CONFIRMED SCOLDS

and locked against her tongue, the miserable creature—whose sole offending, perhaps, was that she had raised her voice in defence of her social rights against a brutal or besotted husband, or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office, in her town—was paraded through the streets, led by a chain, by the hand of the bellman, the beadle or the constable; or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy, or of promising amendment for the future; and, when the punishment was over, she was turned out from the town-hall, or the place where the brutal torture had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors, and to be reviled at by her persecutors.



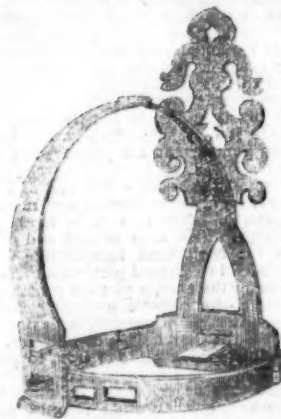
THE WITCHES BRIDLE.

The brank, it appears, was never a legalized instrument of punishment; but, nevertheless, it was most generally used, and was one of the means by which those petty kings, but arch-tyrants, of provincial towns, the mayors, bailiffs, constables or justices, kept up their power and held the people in awe. It was one of those cruel means by which authority was preserved and power vindicated, at the expense of all that was just and seemly and rational.

Let my fair readers fancy, if they can, now-a-days, a man "presenting" his wife to the mayor as a scold, or as a gossip, and claiming that punishment should be administered to her! What would they think if they saw the poor woman "bridled," the knife-point thrust into her mouth, the iron hoop locked tight round her jaws, the cross bands of iron brought over her head and clasped behind, her arms pinioned, a ring and chain attached to the brank, and thus led or driven from the market-place, through all the principal streets of the town, for an hour or two, and then brought back bleeding to her loving (!) husband? Let them fancy all this, and then say whether it is not indeed a happy thing that our lot is cast in better days than those in which such disgusting public punishments could be asked for by husbands or neighbors, inflicted by corporate authorities, or tolerated by the people themselves?

The brank has frequently been alluded to by old writers, and its use as a "bridle for the tongue" will be familiar to most people by its frequent mention in old ballads and in religious works.

A quotation from Chaucer heads this article, and Gay and other



THE BEWDLEY BRIDLE.

writers also have allusions to its use. Robert Burns, too, in his poem, "On Dining with the young Lord Daer," says:

"Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a lord!
And gaein as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin' on my ploughman shanks,
I in the parlour hammer'd."

Dr. Flott, the celebrated historian, in his history of Staffordshire, says:

"We come to the Arts that respect Mankind, amongst which, as elsewhere, the civility of precedence must be allowed to the women, and that as well in punishments as favors. For the former whereof they have such a peculiar artifice at New-Castle [under Lyme] and Wallsall for correcting of scolds, which it does, too, so effectually and so very safely, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the Cucking-Stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dipp; to neither of which is this at all lyable; it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite d-priveth them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view (tab. 32, fig. 9) as it was taken from the original one, made of iron, at New-Castle-under-Lyme, wherein the letter a shews the joynted collar that comes round the neck; b c the loops and staples to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck; d the joynted semicircle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the nose, and e the plate of iron that is put into the mouth and keeps down the tongue. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led through the

towne by an officer, to her shame; nor is it taken off till after the party begins to show all external signs of humiliation and amendment."

The brank to which he alludes as being in use in Newcastle-under-Lyme afterwards became the property of Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, from whose magnificent collection it has been, much to the regret of antiquaries, stolen. Gardner, in his "England's Grievance discovered in relation to the Coal Trade," printed in 1655—a most curious book—speaking of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, says:

"John Willis, of Ipswich, upon his oath said that he, the Depo-ent, was in Newcastle six months ago, and there he saw one Ann Bidlestone drove through the streets by an officer of the same corporation, holding a rope in his hand, the other end fastened to an engine called the Branks, which is like a Crown, it being of iron, which was musled over the head and face, with a great gap or tongue of iron forced into her mouth which forced the blood out. And that is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scolding women, and that he hath often seen the like done to others. He, this Depoent, further affirms that he hath seen men drove up and down the streets with a great Tub or Barrel opened in the sides, with a hole in one end to put through their heads, and so cover their shoulders and bodies down to the small of their legs, and then close the same, called the new-fashioned Cloak, and so make them wear it to the view of all beholders, and this is their punishment for drunkards and the like."

One of the earliest known existing examples of the brank is preserved at Walton-on-Thames, near London; it bears the date 1633, and the following curious couplet:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."

It is traditionally said that this brank was given to the parish of Walton by a gentleman named Chester, who had, by the gossiping and tattling of a woman to a rich kinsman, from whom he had great expectations, lost a large and promising estate. It has, however, been also said that this brank was actually presented to the town of Walton by the city of Chester; and the fact of so many examples still existing at Chester, and in its county, would appear, perhaps, to favor such a supposition. At all events, the Cheshire magistrates had tested its efficacy pretty considerably, and therefore might have been anxious to introduce "the fashion" of wearing branks into other localities! Another dated example, formerly belonging to the workhouse at Chesterfield—the only brank known to have been connected with Derbyshire—is still in existence. It was first engraved in the "Reliquary" to which I have before referred, and from that publication I transfer the accompanying engraving and description, premising, however, that this example is one of the most harmless ones which have come under my notice, but is, at the same time, one of the best specimens known:

"The Chesterfield brank is nine inches in height, and six inches and three-quarters across the hoop. It consists of a hoop of iron, hinged on either side, and fastening behind; and a band, also of iron, passing over the head, from back to front, and opening in front to admit the nose of the woman whose misfortune it was to wear it. The mode of putting it on would be this: The brank would be opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band, by means of the hinges, O, P, R. The constable, or other official, would then stand in front of his victim, and force the knife, or plate, A, into her mouth, the divided band passing on either side her nose, which would protrude through the opening, N. The hoop would then be closed behind, the band brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened down upon it at M, and thus the cage would at once be firmly and immovably fixed so long as her tormentors might think fit. On the left side is a chain, D, one end of which is attached to the hoop, and at the other is a ring, by which the victim was led, or by which she was, at pleasure, attached to a post or wall. On the front of the brank are the initials 'T. C.', and the date '1638'—the year of the 'Glorious Revolution'—the year of all years, memorable in the annals of Chesterfield, and of the little village of Whittington, closely adjoining, in which that revolution was planned. Strange, that an instrument of brutal and tyrannical torture should be made and used at Chesterfield, at the same moment that the people should be plotting for freedom at the same place!"

I have said that this is one of the most harmless of branks. Of course, by this it will be understood that the form of the plate, or knife, for pressing or cutting the tongue is referred to. In some examples, the plate, or knife, is evidently intended simply to press down the tongue and keep it quiet, while others are sharp at the end, for cutting; and others, again, are covered with little spikes, which lacerate the mouth in all directions. One, called the "Witches' Bridle," formerly at Forfar, is one of the most savagely cruel things which could well be invented. In place of the plate, or gag, is a kind of spur rowel, with three sharply-pointed spikes; when placed in the mouth, the upper spike pierced the roof of the mouth, the lower one the palate, while the other bored the tongue. Added to this is a chain, by which the constable could twitch or pull the bridle at pleasure (!) and thus add to the excruciating pain which his victim must be enduring.

Another equally cruel specimen is that shown in the accompanying engraving of the one preserved at Stockport, in Cheshire. The gag, in this instance, terminates in a bulbous extremity, covered with iron pins, nine in number—three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and three pointing inwards. Of course, with such a contrivance, not only the tongue, but every part of the mouth, must of necessity be lacerated during the infliction of this diabolical punishment. Added to this means of injury, a chain and leather thong are attached in front, so that the bridle, in leading the poor offender round the town, might, if cruelly inclined (and what bridle was not?) give it a sly jerk or two now and then. Instruments of even greater punishment are preserved at Worcester and at Ludlow.

The most usual form of the brank is like that of the Chesterfield example, but some are highly ornamented, and made as grotesque in appearance as possible. One is not, in form, unlike an old-fashioned horn lantern, with a door behind and a sort of face in front; another has the front band formed like a nose, and the mouth and chin enclosed in a pierced plate; and another is an iron mask, with apertures for the eyes, a pierced prominence to fit the nose, and a long, funnel-shaped peak projecting from the mouth. An excellent example, in my own possession, is the accompanying. It formerly belonged to the Corporation of Bewdley. The plate, in this instance, is simply a thick piece of iron, to press upon, not cut, the tongue.

The notices, where they occur, of the infliction of this punishment, in corporation accounts, or other records, are very curious. One or two examples will serve to show their character:

Worcester, 1658.—"Paid for mending the bridle for bridling of scolds and two cords for the same, *js. ijd.*"

Conington, 1662.—"Matthew Lowndes, sworn jail-keeper, and a list of the mace, bridle for scolding women, bolts, locks and manacles given to him."

Edinburgh, 1667.—"Bessie Taillefer, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, having slandered Bailie Thomas Hunter by saying 'he had in his house one false stoup,' which was found not to be true, she was sentenced to be brankit, and set on the cross for an hour."

At Morpeth, 1741, "Elizabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the branks for two hours, at the Market Cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gair and Mr. George Nicholls, then bailiffs, for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said bailiffs."

One of the latest instances of the brank having been used for punishment occurred at Conington, in 1824. Of this occurrence the following is a very graphic account:

"In the old-fashioned, half-timbered houses in the borough there was generally fixed, on one side of the large, open fireplaces, a hook, so that, when a man's wife indulged her scolding propensities, the husband sent for the town jailor to bring the bridle, and had her bridled and chained to the hook until she promised to behave herself better for the future. I have seen one of these hooks, and have often heard husbands say to their wives, 'If you don't rest with your tongue, I'll send for the bridle and hook you up.' The Mayor and Justices frequently called the instrument into use; for when women have been brought before them charged with street bawling, and insulting the constables and others while in the discharge of their duty, they have ordered them to be bridled and led through the borough by the jailor. The last time this bridle was publicly used was A.D. 1824, when a woman was brought before the Mayor, Bulkley Johnson, Esq., and magistrates, one Monday, charged with scolding and using harsh language to the churchwardens and con-

stables, as they went, on the Sunday morning, round the town to see that all the public-houses were empty and closed during divine service."

"During the examination, a Mr. Richard Edwards stated on oath that, 'on going round the town with the churchwardens, on the previous day, they met the woman (Ann Runcorn) in a place near the Cockshott; and that, immediately on seeing them, she commenced a sally of abuse, calling them all the scoundrels and rogues she could lay her tongue to, and telling them it would be better of them if they would look after their own houses, rather than go looking after other folks, which were far better than their own.' After other abuse of a like character, they thought it only right to apprehend her, and so brought her before the bench on the following day."

"The Mayor then delivered the following sentence: 'That it is the unanimous decision of the Mayor and Justices that the prisoner, Ann Runcorn, there and then have the town's bridle for scolding women put upon her, and that she be led by the magistrate's clerk through every street in the town, as an example to all scolding women; and that the Mayor and Magistrates were much obliged to the churchwardens for bringing the case before them.'

"In this case I both heard the evidence and saw the decision carried out. The bridle was put on the woman, and she was then led through the town by one Prosper Haslam, the town-clerk's clerk, accompanied by hundreds of the inhabitants, and on her return to the Town Hall, the bridle was taken off in the presence of the mayor, magistrates, constables, churchwardens and assembled inhabitants."

In the engraving at the head of this article I have shown a brank in use, so that my fair readers may better understand the mode of its infliction. The brank here represented was formerly at Warrington, in Lancashire. It is an excellent example, and has cross-bars to keep it *in situ*, and is surmounted by an iron trefoil and other ornaments. In this case, as in some other examples which I have seen, the chain is attached to the back of the brank, so that the miserable offender was driven before the bridle, instead of being led by him, as in the other examples here engraved. The Stockport brank and the one from Bewdley in my own possession, as will be seen by the engravings, have had the chains in front for leading by—pretty "leading-strings" for a lady to wear, truly!—while the one from Chesterfield has it at the side. The chain being attached at the back might, perhaps, allow of giving greater pain to the sufferer than when in front, as a pull or a sudden twitch from behind would drive the knife further into the mouth, and also make the iron frame press painfully against the nose. Whatever added to the heaviness of the infliction seems to have immediately commended itself to those in whose hands the ordering of them rested.

Much more might be said on branks, but my object has been simply to describe the instrument and its mode of infliction, so as to give our readers an idea of the treatment which women have been subjected to in former days. Should any of them, however, for curiosity's sake, ever attempt to put on one for a few moments, let them take warning from the following little anecdote, and take care not to clasp it on too firmly until they are well assured that they can unfasten it again:

"A major in the army, a few years ago, was, with some friends, examining the brank at Walton Church, when a dispute arose as to its being sufficient to prevent speech, and it was determined to try it on the head of the major. He was a large, stout-made, soldierly man, who had been selected to teach George III. the manual exercise; and the King, who never forgot this or any other agreeable act of service rendered by another person, gave him his commission, thus promoting him from a sergeant-major to a full majority, and the King was very gracious to him also on several occasions. This royal notice made the major very apt to take offence at the slightest intrusion on his dignity. The mask was carefully put on by the clerk, and the snap fastened. As it closed the result soon appeared, for the major could only roar and point with his finger to unclose the helmet and release him. But, alas! the head proved too large to admit a finger between the mask and the head to unfasten the snap, and so there the major stood, chained to the desk like a bear, roaring and dancing in great anger. At so ridiculous a figure it was impossible not to laugh most unseemly, and his friends were obliged to run out of the church to prevent the scandal, leaving him in the hands of the little clerk, who was standing on a form to reach the tall man's head, looking all the time most dolefully at the difficulty, and considering how it was to end. Ultimately the blacksmith had to be sent for, and the prisoner was released; but the laughter was never either forgotten nor forgiven."

In closing this account of the branks, I cannot refrain from repeating that it is a happy thing such a barbarous, disgraceful and utterly unnecessary punishment should have become obsolete, and that, at all events, our days are not stained by its infliction.

In the next chapter I propose saying a few words on another old punishment, the Ducking-Stool, of which my readers may, perhaps, have occasionally heard, but with whose origin and mode of infliction some may be unacquainted.

BATTLE OF MUNFORDSVILLE.

MUNFORDSVILLE, the capital of Hart county, Kentucky, is a post village on the right bank of the Green river, 100 miles southwest of Frankfort. It has a population of about 800 persons. It is chiefly remarkable for a circular orifice in the shape of a funnel in the earth, the depth of which travellers declare to be unknown. Sunday, the 14th of Sept., will be memorable in our history, for on that day Burnside's brave troops fought the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, and Col. Wilder's gallant Western men fought the rebels at Munfordsville. We have already briefly described this latter battle, but the following account of this well-contested field from the pen of the correspondent of the New York Herald is so graphic, and so admirably describes the illustration of Mr. Lovie, that, despite its length, we make room for it:

On Friday evening, Sept. 12, the rebel cavalry at Lebanon completed the evacuation of that place by taking the Munfordsville road. As it began to grow light with the gray of the dawning morning, the rebels moved forward on the right of the railroad, and our pickets fell back rapidly through the woods and abatis in front of the works and withdrew to the inside. The picket guard at the tollgate on the turnpike road also withdrew after being joined by the picket on the bridge, and assumed position in the woods. At about five o'clock the rebels were seen forming in the strip of woods in front of our rifle-pits, and shortly after, from the cover of the woods and abatis, began the engagement by a rapid and well sustained fire of musketry.

It was plainly seen that a disposition of our men was being made by Col. Wilder to repel the attack anticipated on the left, and, thinking it a favorable hour, the rebel force made a desperate assault on our right. This was made by a Mississippi and a Georgia regiment, and well did they sustain the character they have made in the war for desperation, courage and valor. The assault was led by the Colonel of the Mississippi regiment, and he died for his daring. The Major of the same regiment was wounded and taken prisoner. This assault is described by eye-witnesses as a most desperate charge and magnificent repulse. The rebels came on with terrible shouts, which were drowned in the terrific roar of cannon and musketry. A 12-pounder and two 6-pounders opened upon them with grape, and the carnage was terrible. When the smoke of the volley rose from the front, the Indians saw, and hailed with a shout, the backs of their enemies as they fled to the woods.

The newly-formed rebel right marched from the woods in splendid order, with ranks apparently full, and the morning sun gliding their bright bayonets. They moved forward, and, filing to the right, passed from view beneath the extensive knoll in front of our works. This completely hid them from view, and they did not appear again for some moments. During the time they were gone the battery made its appearance in the turnpike, and, getting into position, began to throw shell into the works. The 24-pounder was opened upon them, and the 12-pounder was also devoted to the battery for a few moments. While the battery played upon our troops, the rebel right again appeared and the battle again became desperate. When they appeared over the brow of the hill it was at a double quick, and not in the best of order. But all pushed on with desperate courage to meet resistance not the less desperate. With grape from the artillery, and a shower of balls from the musketry, they were met and mowed down; but they never faltered; and it was only when they sprang on the breastworks and were met with the bayonet that they fell back, leaving the field strewn with their dead and dying. After a momentary struggle on the breastworks, the whole rebel right broke into complete disorder and fled from the field.

No sooner had the rebel right broken in confusion than the left, which had still maintained a fire from the woods, also broke and fled beyond the spur of the hills beyond the woods and railroad crossing, falling back to Rowlett's Station. Col. Wilder threw shells from all his guns after them, which served to accelerate their speed. They left all their dead and wounded on the field, besides two pieces of artillery and over 500 stand of small arms. The victory was most complete.

About two o'clock Gen. Duncan sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead and to learn the fate of several officers. Col.

Wilder granted him leave to bury his dead, and shortly after a force made its appearance and engaged in burying the dead in the different parts of the field in which they had fallen. Our men assisted in getting a large number of wounded and dead from the pits in front of the breastworks. The wounded were all seriously injured by bayonet stabs.

The force engaged in the fight was composed of the following regiments: 17th Indiana volunteers, infantry, Col. Wilder; 67th Indiana volunteers, infantry, Col. Emmerson; 83d Indiana, infantry, Col. — four pieces of artillery, and one company of cavalry, not employed. The 60th Indiana, Col. Dunham, reached the scene in time to disperse the cavalry on the northern bank of the river. Our loss was eight killed, including Major Abot, and 33 wounded, according to Col. Wilder's report.

Brig.-Gen. Duncan commanded at Munfordsville, his superior officer, Gen. Buckner, awaiting at Rowlett's Station the result.

WHERE SHALL WE TRY GARIBALDI?

WHERE shall we try Garibaldi?

Find us some Italian town
Not alive with his renown,
Where the air is not in flame
With the splendor of his name,
Where the pavement on the street
Would not stir to kiss his feet:
Not till such a place is found
Try him on Italian ground!

What men shall judge Garibaldi?

Seek for men in Italy
Who can neither hear nor see,
Through whose hearts the trumpet-blast
Of his story never pass'd;
Men whose honor is unstained
When this TRAITOR stands arraigned—
Find us such—but not till then
Try him by Italian men!

THE BIRTH OF STORY.

THERE WAS once a time when there were no stories, and that was a sad time for children, for there was wanting in their youthful Paradise the most beautiful butterfly of all. The two children of a King played together in the magnificent garden of their father. The garden was full of lovely flowers; its paths were strewn with golden pebbles, and with stones of the most various colors, and glittered in rivalry with the sparkling dew on the flower-beds. In the garden there were cool grottoes with falling waters, fountains gushing high up towards heaven, noble marble statues, delightful resting-places. In the ponds swam gold and silver fishes; in the large golden aviaries fluttered the most gorgeous birds, and other birds hopped and flew freely around, and sang their song with delicious voices. The two royal children had and saw this every day, and they grew tired of the splendor of the stones, of the color of the flowers, of the fountains, and of the fishes which were so dumb, and of the birds whose songs they did not understand. The children sat in silence together, and were melancholy. They had everything which a child could wish—good parents, the most valuable playthings, the most magnificent clothes, the sweetest meats and drinks, and could play every day in the beautiful gardens. Yet they were sad, though they knew not why; knew not what they wanted.

Then came to them their mother, a beautiful and noble woman, whose eyes beamed with softness and tenderness, and deep was her sorrow that her children were so sad, and that they only smiled to her in a melancholy manner, instead of joyfully bounding toward her; she was troubled because her children were not happy as children should be, and could be; for children have no cares, and their sky is usually cloudless.

The Queen sat down near her two children, a boy and girl, and clasping them in her arms, so white and so graceful, which glittered with golden ornaments, she asked with motherly love and affection, "What is wanting to you, my dear children?"

"We know not, dear mother," said the boy.

"Yet we are very sad indeed," said the girl.

"It is so beautiful in this garden, and you have everything which can afford you joy; but does it not really afford you pleasure?" asked the Queen, and a tear stood in her eye, out of which the soul of goodness beamed.

"What we have done does not afford us enough of pleasure," replied the girl.

"We wish for something, yet we know not what it is," added the boy.

The mother was silent in her sorrow, and began to consider what the children could wish, fitted to give them more delight than the splendor of the garden, clothes rich and adorned, an abundance of playthings, savory dishes and delicious drinks; but she found not what her thoughts sought.

"Oh! were I myself a child," said the Queen to herself, with a gentle sigh, "then should I know what makes children glad. To understand the wishes of children, we must be children ourselves. But we have already wandered too far from the land of youth, where the golden birds fly through the trees of Paradise, those birds which have no feet, because they never knew earthly repose. Oh! that such a bird were now to come and to bring to my dear children something to make them happy!"

Behold, while the Queen was still wishing, there suddenly arose in the blue air above her a lordly and wondrous bird, from which a splendor went forth like flames of gold and the flash of precious stones, and it wheeled and wheeled, and drew nearer and nearer, and the Queen beheld it, as did the children. Beyond exclamations of astonishment they were not able to utter a word.

The bird was a magnificent sight, as, always deeper floating, it sank down, it was so glittering, so dazzling in its rainbow colors, almost blinding the eye, yet fostering the eye ever anew. It was so beautiful that the Queen and the children shuddered with joy, especially when they felt the waving of its wings.

Before they could come to any distinct notion, the marvellous bird flew into the bosom of the Queen, and gazed on the children with eyes that were formed like the loving eyes of childhood. Yet there was something in those eyes which the children could not understand. Something weird, and wild and strange, and therefore they had not the courage to touch the bird.

Also they saw that the singular bird, clothed as it was in more than earthly beauty, had, under its feathers, which were as brilliant as they were varied, some other feathers of the deepest black, which, however, were not seen at a distance. For the nearer contemplation of the beautiful and wondrous bird, had the children scarcely so much time as we have needed to mention it, for it immediately flew off again, the bird of Paradise, without feet, floated, flashed, mounted higher and higher, till it appeared only like a bright, many-colored feather, floating in the ether, then like a golden point, and then it vanished. Till, however, it was quite out of sight, the Queen and the children gazed toward it with astonishment. But, O miracle! when mother and children looked once more, they were again surprised. On the bosom of the mother lay a golden egg which the bird had laid, and it shimmered green golden and golden blue, like the most precious Labrador stone, or like the most beautiful pearl-shell in the depths of the sea. And the two children cried in the same breath, "The egg! the lovely egg!" But the mother smiled in delight, and full of gratitude, had a presentiment that that must be the precious stone which was still wanting to the happiness of her children. That the egg must contain in its shell so bright, so many colored and so magical a blessing, able to bestow on the children that which is denied to old age, contentment; at once satisfying their longing and putting an end to their melancholy.

The children could not gaze enough at the splendid egg, and, enchanted with the egg, they forgot the bird which had brought it. At first they had not the courage to touch it; but, at length, the girl placed one of her rosy fingers on it, and suddenly cried, while her innocent face glowed all over with purple, "The egg is warm." And now, with great caution, the boy also ventured to touch the egg, to feel if his sister were telling the truth. At last the mother placed her hand on the precious egg, and, behold, what happened then!

The shell fell into two halves, and from the egg came forth a being wonderful to behold. It had wings, and was not a bird, nor a butterfly, nor a bee, nor a dragon-fly, yet had something of all these. It could not, however, be described in a word; it was the bright-winged, many-colored delight of children—itsself a child—the child of the wondrous bird Phantasy, and its name was Story.

Thenceforth the mother never saw the children melancholy, for Story remained with the children, and they were never tired of it as long as they remained children; and from the moment they had Story, garden and flower, bower and grotto, wood and grove became really dear to them, for Story animated everything for the children's delight. Story lent its wings to the children, who flew round in the infinite world, and who were yet at home as soon as they wished it.

Who were those royal children? They were the human race in the Paradise of their youth, and Nature was their beautiful and beneficent mother. She longed for the wondrous bird Phantasy to come down from Heaven, which has magnificent golden feathers, but also some of a darker tinge, and he lay in her bosom the golden egg from which Story came.

And as the children warmly loved Story, that had made beautiful the days of their childhood, enchanted them with a thousand shapes and transformations, and that fed over all human dwellings, over all castles and palaces, so it was in Story's nature to please those who were no longer children, and great was their delight in Story if they only brought something with them from the garden of childhood into ripe age, namely, childlikeness of heart.

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